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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

NO REST FOR THE WAR-WARY

"I don't know," President Reagan mused in one of those many moments of dazed optimism that characterize his press conferences, "but I think that the world maybe is a little safer than it has been in the past."

It was a theme he returned to several times as he floated through his twenty-fourth televised session with the national media. "I don't think things are as bad as they're being painted," he told a reporter who asked if he would "offer some gesture . . . make some overture . . . [or] positive sign" so the Russians might come back to the negotiating tables they have walked away from since Reagan took office.

But what about the stepped-up Soviet submarine action off American shores? Reagan crinkled his nose and turned up the corners of his mouth. "If I thought there was some reason to be concerned about them, I wouldn't be sleeping in this house tonight," he quipped. The reporters chuckled. Cut. Print.

Nothing could be more fictitious than the safety Reagan offers. The Administration has given the nightmare of nuclear holocaust a dimension of reality unknown since the darkest days of John Kennedy's cold-warmongering. The threat is defined not so much by the presence of nuclear subs in coastal waters as by the absence of dialogue between the superpowers. Whatever dynamic of discord caused that estrangement, the man in the White House bears the responsibility for making it policy.

The President said last week that he loves peace, but Reaganism feeds on the fear of war. It needs an atmosphere of anxiety to project an image of strong and competent authority. No doubt Reagan sleeps soundly, knowing that the world tensions he excites may lead to domestic electoral success. But the rest of us dare not get caught napping.

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CHURCH OF THE POOR

A WAFER THE VATICAN CAN'T SWALLOW

T.M. PASCA

The liberation theology movement, often called the church of the poor or the people's church, is little understood by most Roman Catholics. Yet it is the most important and controversial current in Catholicism today. Emphasizing Christianity's mission to defend the poor and the oppressed, liberation theology has recently drawn heavy criticism from the Vatican, which charges that it is tainted with Marxism—an accusation that has often been made by right-wing governments in Latin America, where the movement is strongest. The attack launched this spring in Rome can be expected to continue, but so can the opposition to it, which is coming from some of Latin America's most highly respected clergymen and theologians.

Viewed historically, liberation theology returns to the Church of Rome the bread that it cast upon the waters, but in a form for which the Vatican does not appear to have much taste. For centuries Catholics from Europe and later from North America systematically spread Christianity. But while Rome always assigned a high priority to its missionary movement, it also kept a somewhat suspicious eye on the missionaries, for they, more than the rest of the clergy, were in contact with the realities of the world.

The Spanish and Portuguese missionaries—indispensable to the colonial expansion of their countries—proved the most successful of the Christian proselytizers. Latin America, which accounts for almost half the world's Catholic population; the Philippines, where most of Asia's Catholics live; southern India; and the small but influential community in Sri Lanka

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LETTERS.

DON'T DO THAT 'VOODOO'

Middletown, Conn.

In one of its May 12 editorials, *The Nation* characterized the I.M.F.'s failure to understand the causes of underdevelopment and poverty in the Third World and the fund's solutions to those problems as "Voodoo Banking." This implies that just as there is something fundamentally wrong with the I.M.F.'s understanding of the functioning of the capitalist world market and its policy recommendations, so there is something fundamentally wrong with those who believe in and practice voodoo. This is offensive to the millions of Haitians and others whose religion is voodoo, and it perpetuates the racist myth that people who practice the religion are culturally deficient. In addition to victimizing those who suffer from the policies of the I.M.F. (e.g., the Haitian people), the negative use of the word "voodoo" reinforces the cultural imperialism of Western Christians whose missions in Haiti attempt to cleanse the people of their "superstitious" and "black magic" beliefs, and bring them the "civilizing light" of Christian dogma. Such arrogant disregard for other people's cultures is shameful for a journal like *The Nation*.

One last correction: the preferred spelling is "vaudoo," or "vodun" in the Haitian variant; "voodoo" is the derogatory substitute adopted by its racist detractors.

Alex Dupuy

CHILE'S OPPOSITION

Reseda, Calif.

Cynthia Brown's denunciation of stepped-up repression in Chile fills a gaping void shamefully left by the rest of the media ["Pinochet Comes Down—Hard," *The Nation*, May 5]. However, her treatment of the Chilean opposition leaves much to be desired. Brown incorrectly portrays the Democratic Alliance as composed of the "Marxist and Christian parties." In fact, the alliance, led by Christian Democrats, contains only a small portion of Chile's sizable left. The "socialists" and Christian leftists that participate in the alliance represent minor and relatively conservative currents within their respective parties.

The other opposition front, the M.D.P., formed in October, includes not only the Communist Party but the bulk of the Socialist Party, the M.I.R. and a number of other smaller leftist groups. The M.D.P. was formed precisely because of the alliance's refusal to admit to its ranks the traditional leftist organizations that supported the Allende government and suffered the worst effects of the military dictatorship's repression. Those few leftists who joined the alliance have, in effect, broken the thirty-year-old socialist-Communist coalition that has been the primary force for social change in Chile.

The Christian Democrats who today administer the alliance are the same ones who in 1973 pleaded with the military to intervene against the elected Allende government. It was not until 1976, or in some cases 1981, that those politicians decided to join the opposition against Pinochet.

Brown also misleads readers when she speaks of bombings "against state property . . . and the use of tactical violence" as being one of the issues preventing overall agreement between the two opposition fronts. She incorrectly creates the illusion that both groups could work together if just a few individual acts of terrorism were cleared up. But the differences between the alliance and the M.D.P. are much more fundamental than "tactical." The M.D.P. calls for a socialist Chile and openly argues that the population has a right to respond with violence to state violence. The alliance, on the other hand, is very much committed to the restoration of democracy as an alternative, not as an antechamber, to socialist transformation. And as Chile heats up, we can expect the alliance to become the inevitable recipient of U.S. good will, just as its "moderate" counterpart, the Salvadoran Christian Democratic Party, is today.

Marc Cooper
Translator for Salvador Allende

BROWN REPLIES

New York City

I hope that Marc Cooper translated more carefully than he reads! The passage in question runs: "the Democratic Alliance (A.D.), led by the Christian Democrats; the Socialist Bloc, comprising the Marxist and Christian parties; and the Democratic Popular Movement (M.D.P.), which includes the Communist Party." (The Socialist Bloc is a loose grouping of some socialist, Christian left and M.A.P.U. elements which sees itself as a bridge between the two major fronts.) Cooper is correct as to the M.D.P.'s complete composition and genesis, topics I covered extensively in my December 3, 1983, *Nation* article on the opposition movement ["Protest in Chile—The Road Ahead"]. But to repeat that material was unnecessary to the point I was making—namely, that the groups cover the political spectrum and that Pinochet seeks to exacerbate differences between the center-right and the left.

Those differences are, of course, more than tactical. But is it necessary to tell *Nation* readers that Christian Democrats and Communists have disparate visions? Moreover, on the question of short-term agreement between the fronts (the context for my analysis), the issues *are* largely tactical; neither front can remove Pinochet on its own, and their platforms for the transition to democracy are almost identical. Like the A.D. and the Socialist Bloc, the M.D.P. advocates Pinochet's resignation, the election of a constituent assembly, the drafting of a new constitution and general elections within eighteen months. Naturally, as my article noted, Washington would like to see a Christian Democratic-rightist alliance that isolates the left; preventing that is one of the key tasks of the democratic movement in Chile.

Cynthia Brown

DOUBLE STANDARD

Chapel Hill, N.C.

In "Beat the Devil" [*The Nation*, April 28], Alexander Cockburn is curiously inconsistent in his placement of journalistic ethics above the public's right to important information on political issues. Milton Coleman is condemned (or seen, patronizingly, as a lackey for the white establishment) for having revealed Jesse Jackson's "off-the-record" anti-Semitic comments, even though this revelation seems useful in assessing Jackson's worthiness for the Presidency. On the other hand, Cockburn has no qualms about giving us the name of Anthony Quainton, who had been interviewed by Cockburn with the stipulation that he be identified only as a "Western diplomat," rather than as the U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua.

When adherence to a code of ethics seems designed more to insure good relations for the press with the people it covers than to serve the public's interest, I'd question that code. Fortunately, so did Cockburn when he was writing about Quainton. Unfortunately, he failed to see the parallel between his own behavior and that of Milton Coleman.

M. Richard Cramer

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

Ambassador Quainton asked that any statements he made be attributed only to a "Western diplomat." Neither in reports from Nicaragua at the time nor later in *The Nation* did I quote any statements made either by "Quainton" or his doppelgänger, the "Western diplomat." Therefore I did not, unlike Coleman, break background rules. I don't think Quainton would mind being identified as a Western diplomat if no one knew what he had said in either guise (which, as it happened, was totally without interest).

Alexander Cockburn

CORRECTION

An error in transmission led to misspelling the name of the former four-term member of the House of Representatives who wrote "The MX Deal" [May 19]. He is, of course, Toby Moffett.

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EDITORIALS.

Dire Strait

Trouble in the Persian Gulf has long led the list of likely scenarios for the opening act of World War III. The possibilities in that plot are so horrific that most parties to the present air and sea skirmishes prefer that the superpowers keep out of the conflict. Saudi Arabian oil minister Ahmed Yamani has repeatedly warned that United States intervention might well provoke a Soviet response, and the Kuwaitis fear that Western military action would sour their good relations with the Eastern bloc. None of the Arab states want Israel to slip into the proceedings via its alliance with the United States.

In the face of such local resistance, President Reagan will have a hard time getting approval to try out the U.S. Central Command, his version of Jimmy Carter's Rapid Deployment Force. There's little doubt that the Pentagon would love an excuse to do some serious deployment in the region. Since the marines retreated from Lebanon, the United States has not had a reliable forward base in the Middle East. The carrier Kitty Hawk, which last week lay outside the Strait of Hormuz, is too far from the action at the northern end of the gulf to give ships much protection from random attacks. That requires constant air cover, with planes flying from convenient land bases.

But Reagan is ill equipped to find alternatives to military action. His cold war posturing has removed any hope of a

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superpower agreement on gulf shipping, an agreement the Russians have wanted to negotiate for years. His disastrous intervention in Lebanon and his categorical support of the Israeli government have rendered American guarantees worthless and American intentions suspect. Finally, the assistance the Administration has lent the Iraqis, including daily intelligence services to the Baghdad military command, places the United States in a partisan position which makes any diplomatic initiative difficult.

The gulf crisis has developed from the unavoidable tensions of neocolonial economic relationships. The industrialized nations vie for oil and the access to it, ply the various despotic states with arms and money and play one against another for strategic advantage. The United States has a minuscule claim on gulf shipping per se; it imports only about 3 percent of its oil through that waterway. But it has assumed command of the international industrial interests—what Presidents like to call the free world—and with that power come problems as well as benefits. Right now, the benefits look small indeed.

Greenback Blues

Bogotá, Colombia

The call for a Latin American debt summit by four of the region's biggest debtors portends severe shocks for the U.S. banking system, still quaking from the fallout of Continental Illinois's recent near-demise. Like other big lenders, Continental was heavily exposed in the depressed energy sector; it took a bath on more than $1 billion in bad loans when Oklahoma's aggressive Penn Square Bank failed in July 1982. But Continental might have muddled through had it not been for its loans to Latin American countries, which account for an important portion of the bank's $2.3 billion portfolio of doubtful debts. Rumors of Continental's sickening condition, combined with the increasingly uncertain Latin debt picture, sparked a run on the Chicago giant that could have triggered a national financial crisis had a number of banks and Federal agencies not intervened.

The country's eighth-largest bank holding company, Continental is not the only financial institution with problems in Latin America: eight of its big-league competitors have more on loan to Latin America than their entire shareholders' capital. Given the mutinous mood of Latin debtors, it is unlikely the bankers will see much, if any, of the billions of dollars pressed on the region's governments during the orgy of lending in the 1970s.

Fears of a debtors' cartel have been growing since March, when Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil loaned Argentina $300 million to pay interest on its $43.6 billion debt. Supported by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, the eleventh-hour bailout enabled U.S. banks to continue the debt charade awhile longer. Still, they worried that the Latins' coordinated action could presage a united front, and on May 19 the presidents of Mexico, Colombia, Brazil and Argentina confirmed their fears by announcing the meeting of hemispheric leaders to discuss the debt situation, which in the past two years has caused a net capital drain of $30 billion from Latin America, much of that in interest payments. "We refuse to allow ourselves to be thrown into a situation of forced insolvency and continuing economic stagnation," the presidents declared in their joint statement. To stop the downward slide, they are proposing a grace period to restructure the debt with longer repayment terms and significant reductions in interest rates and bank fees.

This development could not have come at a worse time for U.S. bankers, with interest rates continuing to shake up the stock market and yet another cliffhanger due at the end of June, when both Argentina and Brazil are scheduled to make interest payments. It is doubtful that the hard-pressed civilian government of Argentine President Raúl Alfonsín will meet the deadline, particularly since Alfonsín is the prime mover behind the debt summit. Brazil's involvement is equally significant, not only because it is the Third World's largest debtor ($100 billion) but also because the country's military regime was previously reluctant to join any movement that could be interpreted as a debtors' cartel. President João Baptista Figueiredo's about-face means that Brazil, too, has reached the limit of its endurance.

The immediate cause of resentment is the recent 1.5 percent increase in U.S. prime interest rates, which has added upward of $4.5 billion to Latin America's $350 billion debt. In the fourth consecutive year of recession, Latin governments have wrung the last centavos from their people in order to repay 800 U.S. creditors. Thousands of industries have collapsed; more than one-third of the labor force is unemployed or underemployed; per capita income has sunk to 1977 levels; and incidents reflecting social upheaval, as in the Dominican Republic, are on the rise.

Even so, the Latins' anger might have remained unfocused had it not been for the recent announcement that Martin Feldstein is resigning as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. When he broke with the White House, Feldstein pointed out that high lending rates reflect the Reagan Administration's failure to control a burgeoning government deficit. Unwilling to increase taxes or prune spending, particularly for the military, the government has been competing with private borrowers for money in a tight market, causing interest rates to rise.

While Treasury Secretary Regan insists that Washington cannot be held responsible for Latin America's debt problems, bankers from the region say that as much as one-quarter of the Latin debt was never received as loans but was tacked on the bill as interest rates rose. True, many Latin American regimes were spendthrift in contracting huge debts in the 1970s, but interest rates of 5 to 8 percent encouraged such borrowing. The catch was that most of the debt was pegged to floating rates that followed the U.S. prime. Since the prime has never returned to those historically low levels, Latin governments have found themselves falling behind. As Brazilian Finance Minister Ernane Galvêas observed, the United States is "playing with fire" by refusing to admit that it is penalizing the Latin Americans for its own extravagances.

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Although European and some smaller U.S. banks basically agree with the Latin Americans, New York City bankers remain adamant that interest is sacred. Few have shown enthusiasm for Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker's proposal to renegotiate the debts, with longer repayment periods and a cap on interest rates to troubled borrowers. Latin American bankers don't like the idea either, though for different reasons. As one noted, a cap on prime interest rates at 12.5 percent is "too little, too late."

Meanwhile, the June deadline approaches for Argentina's quarterly payment on $5 billion owed in interest this year. If it defaults, several of the largest U.S. banks will suffer substantial losses in earnings, possibly causing a slump in the already sluggish stock market. Like Continental, the banks will find it harder to raise capital or borrow at reasonable rates, adding to a growing list of woes, including nonperforming domestic loans. And it is doubtful that the $7.5 billion safety net that saved Continental can be stretched much further.

"It's become a political problem," admitted a New York City banker. "Our banks don't have the capital to absorb the Latin American defaults, so Washington will have to deal directly with the Latin American governments. And, yes, the taxpayers will have to foot the bill."

PENNY LERNOUX

Penny Lernoux, The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent, is the author of* Cry of the People *and, most recently,* In Banks We Trust *(both from Doubleday).*

Self-Helpers

Ronald Reagan claims to be a big advocate of self-help. He endorses it as a way to get the government off the backs of the people. Indeed, in 1980 the Republican Party adopted a plank in its platform calling for more self-help initiatives.

There are more than 500,000 self-help groups, with 15 million members, in the nation today. It would be logical for conservatives to promote those groups. They are cost-effective, decentralized and untainted by government interference. But, strangely, the Administration has not supported them. It cut back Action's Vista program, sharply reduced the Housing and Urban Development Department's community self-help funding and has not proposed any self-help legislation. Why?

I got a clue when meeting with a high-level Administration official recently. She was glancing through a self-help bibliography and came across some references to groups for gay people. She said, "This isn't self-help! It's social action and political activism." I said, "True, but these are self-help support groups." I explained that gay people and others who live in a society that doesn't accept them often form such groups. She was deeply disturbed.

Traditionally, self-help groups have not engaged in advocacy. Alcoholics Anonymous has always seen the problem it deals with as residing solely in the alcoholic, not in social conditions. It doesn't call for restricting the sale of alcoholic beverages or relieving the social conditions that affect drinkers. And A.A. is not alone; many self-help groups today remain apolitical.

Many newer self-help groups, however, like the Sisterhood of Black Single Mothers, Disabled in Action, Self-Help for the Hard of Hearing, the Center for Independent Living, Gray Panthers, women's health groups and so on, advocate social change, and some have been deeply involved in legislative action. A prime example is the Association for Retarded Citizens. Chapters of A.R.C. were started in the early 1950s as parents' self-help groups. Parents got together because doctors were telling them they should institutionalize their children born with Down's syndrome, spina bifida or other handicaps. "It will be better for you and the child," they were told.

At first, the parents shared mutual concerns: Why did this happen to me? This is tearing my family apart. I can't face my neighbors. I feel guilty. Then they started to look at the options for keeping their handicapped children at home. They created and paid for educational programs until the early 1970s, when their lobbying efforts resulted in legislation guaranteeing every child with a handicap a free, appropriate education in the least restrictive environment.

While other legislative efforts continue, local A.R.C. chapters keep up their mutual support functions. Parents still help one another cope with a difficult situation, but the burden they carry has been made less onerous by their social action.

In another area, neighborhood self-help groups, originally concerned mainly with traffic issues and local crime, have taken on a more political character, becoming involved with such issues as pollution and utility rates. Citizen Action, a national federation of twenty statewide groups totaling more than a million members, has organized broad-based coalitions around such issues as gas prices, Social Security and toxic waste. It has 1,500 full-time staff members and an annual budget of $12 million.

It's also worth noting that in the early 1970s the women's movement consisted mostly of small consciousness-raising and health groups. Today, while such groups still exist, the women's movement has become far more political, as the gender gap illustrates.

So the Reagan Administration is right: the self-help movement is increasingly concerned with institutionalizing change and sparking political action. And it is noisy. In fact, many of the self-help groups are leading the growing movement to restore the services that have been so radically cut back. That is definitely not the kind of quiescent self-help the Administration appreciates; nor is it a substitute for needed Federal expenditures. Whether the President likes it or not, today's self-help movement will not allow itself to be defined as human service on the cheap.

FRANK RIESSMAN

Frank Riessman is the editor of Social Policy *and the director of the National Self-Help Clearinghouse at the Graduate Center, City University of New York.*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It was a rancid and demoralizing week in Washington. William French Smith, who for some reason is Attorney General, managed by means of a trashy procedural move to postpone the Debategate reckoning. Representative Jim Wright of Texas, who for some reason is the House majority leader, contrived another sellout to the President on El Salvador. Smith, only three months ago, set his name to a report that said there *was* no Debategate. Wright, sent by Reagan on a junket to El Salvador in 1982, has described Roberto d'Aubuisson as "very bright, very intense, very sincere. . . . I don't think he's that bad at all. I believe he's dedicated to the democratic process."*

I really ought to be writing about one of these pieces of cheap villainy, but I haven't been able to concentrate as I should. My attention has been taken by two smaller items, which you might have missed.

On May 15, the Pentagon issued a commemorative packet to honor the impending fortieth anniversary of the Normandy landing. The packet includes a transcript of General Eisenhower's historic broadcast to the peoples of occupied Europe, tolling the knell for the thousand-year Reich. But the speech has been bowdlerized by the Defense Department. In the following sentence the italicized portion does not appear:

> This landing is part of the concerted United Nations plan for the liberation of Europe *in cooperation with our great Russian allies.*

This is historical falsification of a particularly base kind. It is petty and yet significant. It distorts and pollutes the record. It will outweigh, in Russian opinion, any official American protest about Andrei Sakharov. Perhaps 20 million Russians died in the last war, and though they may have been fighting for Stalin, they did, as Winston Churchill put it, "tear the guts out of the *Wehrmacht*." Of course, we're not expected to care what the Russians, official or unofficial, feel or think. If we started doing that, our guard would be down in no time, and we wouldn't be in shape for the next world war.

Our rulers have to cultivate a certain stoicism about the sufferings of others. That's how they prove how tough they are. I'd only just got over the Pentagon's rewriting of history when I read about the Zumwalt family. In 1968, Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, later Chief of Naval Operations, ordered that the Camau Peninsula of South Vietnam be drenched with Agent Orange. The purpose was to deny food and cover to the insurgent population. His son, also named Elmo, was in charge of a river patrol in the area at the time. He was luckier than the Vietnamese inhabitants who had their environment desecrated for generations to come. But now, at 38, he finds he has advanced cancer of the lymph glands. His 7-year-old boy, Russell, has a "sensory integration dysfunction." Both disorders have been traced to the deadly venom with which Grandpa sprayed Vietnam.

And what does Grandpa think? "My feelings about my son's tragedy are cause for great emotion and suffering," says Elmo Senior. "My feelings about the extent to which I was a causal agent of that tragedy are nonexistent." Note the beautiful sub-bureaucratic tenor of the second sentence, in which "causal agent" performs the evasive function. If his policy had not ruined the next two generations of his family, the admiral wouldn't have a word to say about it. That is bearing the sufferings of others with equanimity.

One can make many critical remarks about Admiral Zumwalt. He was a brainless hawk over Vietnam and still thinks that the United States could have won a war that was lost at Dien Bien Phu in 1954. He became the patron of the fascist dictatorship in Greece with his policy of "home porting" in Athens. He still grinds around the United States advocating ever larger expenditures on nuclear weaponry. But the essential horror of the man is that he has the lack of imagination, the crucial absence of sympathy, that could easily kill us all. The same deficiency exists at the highest levels of the Pentagon and the White House. On the day after, if there is one, some general will probably say, as Admiral Zumwalt unforgettably says about his son and grandson, "I think the irony only emerges in the Monday morning quarterbacking."

The realization that other people have feelings and are affected by our actions is not a matter of sentimentality. It is part of becoming adult—a process forgone by the admiral, who just grew older—and it is in our self-interest.

I was in Italy in 1976, after a huge explosion at a plant in Seveso, near Milan, released a cloud of dioxin into the atmosphere. Dioxin is one of the most ghastly poisons in existence, and it is the key ingredient in Agent Orange. There was panic. The soil and water were befouled, perhaps forever. The Catholic Church was compelled to permit abortions for pregnant women who were exposed to the stuff. Doctors were at their wits' end, and the authorities (who had been bought in various ways by the corporation responsible for the blast) were useless. There seemed to be no precedent, no policy to employ. In the end, an expert was found. He knew about dioxin and its effect on dense populations. He had sobering advice and some practical suggestions. He was a physician from Hanoi.

The spectacle of a conservative, Christian, capitalist European country pathetically grateful to a Vietnamese doctor was one that I never forgot. It wouldn't mean a thing to Zumwalt, of course, or to Dow Chemical. They are too stupidly "realistic" to make simple connections about the common fate that links us all.

My firstborn son, Alexander, arrived last week, which is my excuse for not doing my job covering Washington. I hope not to fail him as a father. But I shall not censor his history reading, and I shall not easily let him be exposed to deadly substances in order to make futile points about American credibility. I shall not raise him Zumwalt-fashion. The role models of Reaganism, I realize, don't mean a damn to me.

*See Raymond Bonner's outstanding *Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador*, published by Times Books, for this and more.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I haven't seen any of the mountains I was meant to see. That doesn't sound right. That sounds like somebody saying, "Alas! I was born to see mountains, yet I have spent my entire life within the environs of Ottumwa, Iowa." That is not what I mean. I mean that I have been in places where you're supposed to see certain mountains, and I have not been able to see them. When I am in parts of France where the Alps are visible on a clear day, for instance, it is not a clear day. In Japan, I did not see Mount Fuji. I missed Mount McKinley in Alaska. From a splendid perch on the top row of an ancient amphitheater in Taormina, Sicily, I failed to see Mount Etna in the distance. In Tanzania, I was unable to make out Mount Kilimanjaro. There might have been snows on Kilimanjaro and there might not have been snows on Kilimanjaro. For all I know, Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner were still up there. I couldn't see a thing.

There is no question that in each case I was in a spot from which the mountain is, in theory, viewable. When I realized that I was not going to see Mount Rainier, in fact, I was standing on the porch of the Mountain View Inn. Also, I would like to dispose at once of the notion that I might have actually seen the mountains in question and not recognized them as mountains. I know where that kind of talk comes from. It comes from people who know that I have never been able to see constellations. It is true that every time someone has said to me, "There—can't you see Orion's belt, starting with that bright star over on the left?" I have said, "No, not really." I have never seen Orion or his belt. I'll admit that I wasn't looking very hard for a while, since I thought for years that Orion was O'Ryan, and I considered the possibility of an Irish constellation unlikely. Even after I knew Orion's name, though, I couldn't see him. I don't think the people who are always pointing him out to me can see him either. I think the constellation business is purely arbitrary. I think there are just a bunch of stars up there. I think that if you said to one of the constellation people (in a sufficiently authoritative tone), "Good view of Athena's dirndl tonight over there; you can even see where the hem's coming loose," he would nod sagely and say something about the natural wonders of the universe.

All of which leads me to turn the tables on this talk about whether I can recognize a mountain when I see one: it may be that the people who are always saying that they saw the mountains did not really see them. People are like that. I was never sure that all the people who used to say that they found French movies meaningful really found French movies so meaningful. I still feel that way about all the people who say there is nothing in the world they would rather eat than a fresh asparagus. I think it's possible that a lot of people—the same sort of people who say they see belts and pots and all sorts of knickknacks in the sky—just look squinty-eyed through the fog toward the mountain and say, "Hmmm. Yes. Lovely."

Maybe some of them don't like to admit that they missed the mountain. Let's say that a man named Thistlethwaite returns from the trip to Japan that he has looked forward to for years, and his brother-in-law—the boorish brother-in-law who's always saying that Thistlethwaite paid too much for his car and went to the wrong discount store for the grass edger—says that Mount Fuji must have been quite a sight, even for someone who might well have been preoccupied with having paid the straight coach fare to Tokyo when he could have put together a charter and excursion package through Honolulu.

Is Thistlethwaite really going to say, "Actually, we didn't see Fuji, what with the low-lying clouds"? Does he want to hear his brother-in-law say, "Hey Marge—did you hear that? Did you hear they dropped a bundle going over there to Japan and missed the main mountain?"

I think not. I think Thistlethwaite is more likely to shake his head in wonderment and say, "Yes, quite a sight, quite a sight." What does he have to lose? He isn't likely to be questioned closely on what the mountain looked like, and even if he is, it's the simplest thing in the world to fake: "Tall. It was tall. And pointy at the top. Tall and pointy."

I want to make this clear right now: I am not complaining. You won't find me grabbing people by the lapels at parties and saying, "Why is it that everybody gets to see the mountains but me?" For one thing, it is not true that everybody gets to see the mountains but me. My wife, for instance, doesn't get to see them. She is usually with me, standing in the fog. I'm not complaining and I'm not being defensive. There is nothing defensive about pointing out that all the inspirational stuff about mountains does not apply in this case. The nun in *The Sound of Music* keeps telling everyone to climb every mountain. Well, fine. But you can't climb them if you can't see them, Sister. Also, there is the matter of George Mallory, the great English mountain climber, who answered the question of why he wanted to climb Mount Everest by saying, "Because it's there." But what if he had been asked what he would do if the mountain was not, in fact, there? He'd have said, "Well, then, I wouldn't climb it, you silly twit! Is this your idea of a joke, or what?" So much for the inspirational stuff.

I don't want to hear any reassurances that it's not my fault. I know perfectly well that it's not my fault. How can someone blame himself for low-lying clouds? The reassurances remind me of the way people used to talk about Jimmy Carter: "Well, of course, it wasn't his fault that he was in office when the Iranians decided to take over the American Embassy—but, still . . ." Carter's mistake, I keep reading, was in not emphasizing the positive. The mountains I have not seen are renowned mountains, after all. They are high mountains. I have missed seeing a total of nearly 100,000 feet of exceedingly renowned mountains. That is not counting the Alps. I haven't decided yet whether I should count all the Alps or just the ones I specifically couldn't see. I'm leaning toward counting all of them.

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ARTICLES.

A WINNING TICKET

Why the Democrats Need a Woman V.P.

MIM KELBER

If the Democrats want to win back the White House, they should adopt the best new idea to emerge from the primary campaign: nominate a woman as candidate for Vice President.

No matter which man is nominated as the party's Presidential candidate, a woman running mate would help the ticket by providing a dramatic contrast to Ronald Reagan and George Bush, attracting millions of independent and Republican women voters who are unhappy with Reagan's policies and drawing to the polls many Democrats who would otherwise stay home. Most important, such an unprecedented move would recognize the power of the women's vote and take full advantage of the most significant recent development in American politics—the electoral gender gap which favors the Democrats.

Women, most of whom appear to be in the Anybody But Reagan camp, have the power to swing the election against the Administration. In a speech to a Republican women's meeting last year, Reagan campaign manager Edward J. Rollins warned, "The gender gap is part of an enormous wave of demographic change sweeping the country that threatens to swamp the Republican Party." He went on to predict, "The political party that gets the women's vote will be the majority party, while the party of men will be the minority."

Women already constitute 53 percent of the electorate. In 1980 they cast 6 million more votes than men. This year, because of population growth and intensive voter registration drives, they could outnumber male voters by as many as 9 million. In the past such a gap wouldn't have been as significant as it is today because, at least from 1952 through 1972, pollsters found that virtually the same percentages of each sex described themselves as Democrats, Republicans or independents. Over the last decade, however, as the women's movement has gained strength, women have been shifting away from the Republican Party. Older, apolitical women are being replaced in the electorate by younger women who tend to support the Democratic Party because of its more liberal positions on social policy and women's issues. That swing was accelerated by the 1980 Republican National Convention's repudiation of the Equal Rights Amendment and the President's "father knows best" attitude toward women's equity programs and feminist goals.

Mim Kelber is co-author, with Bella Abzug, of Gender Gap: Bella Abzug's Guide to Political Power for American Women, *published recently by Houghton Mifflin.*

Meanwhile, the reverse is true for men: according to exit polls, older, traditionally Democratic white men are being supplanted by younger white men, particularly those 18 to 24 years old, who are more apt to favor the Republican Party's aggressive military posture.

Public opinion polls also show that more women than men (with gender gaps ranging from 7 to 15 percent) believe the Democratic Party is better equipped to deal with current problems. On policy issues such as U.S. intervention in Lebanon, Grenada and Central America, the big military budget, arms control, spending for social programs and environmental protection, the differences between women and men are even larger, with the former consistently taking the more liberal position.

The gender gap was first observed in 1980, when 55 percent of male voters chose Ronald Reagan, compared with 47 percent of female voters. In the 1982 Congressional races, the pro-Democrat trend among women remained strong: in districts without an incumbent running for re-election, Democratic candidates showed an average 16-point lead among women voters, and in three gubernatorial contests women provided the winning margin for the Democrats. This year's primaries have attracted women in larger numbers than men. Women have been voting at or above their 53 percent representation in the electorate, while men have been accounting for 47 percent or less of primary participants. The gap was greatest in New York, where 58 percent of those voting were women; white, black, Catholic and union-household women all turned out at the polls in greater percentages than men in those groups.

The most important aspect of the electoral gender gap is that it is showing up in every area of the country, in all racial, demographic and socioeconomic categories, and among Democrats, Republicans and independents.

Women's increasing participation in Democratic primaries and elections has already had one important effect: it has moved the policy positions and rhetoric of the party somewhat left of what has been viewed as the mainstream. Peacemaking, a nuclear freeze, the reversal of U.S. military intervention in the Third World, adequate spending for social programs, concern for human needs and protection of women's and minority rights have become the planks with which the Presidential candidates must erect their platforms. It is taken for granted that an acceptable Democratic contender will have to support the E.R.A., wage equity and abortion rights.

Of the eight Democrats who entered the primary race, the remaining three are from the liberal wing of the party. Still, only Jesse Jackson has flatly committed himself to picking a female running mate—a commendable gesture even if one he can easily afford to make. Walter Mondale and Gary Hart have said they would "seriously" consider choosing a woman; they could hardly say less. Of the two, Mondale is in a better position to choose a woman. Since his campaign strategy emphasizes his experience, it is not as important for him to balance his ticket with a nationally known figure.

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The former Vice President's selection of a woman would also instantly juice up an uninspiring campaign and help overcome his problem of appearing to be a cautious Jimmy Carter rerun. Yet there is little indication that he intends to act on his pledge. He and his establishment advisers probably feel they can count on a majority of the women's vote in any event; they are evaluating the traditional geographic, ethnic and ideological factors that they hope will attract undecided voters. So it's not surprising that the name of conservative old-style Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen recurs frequently. Mondale's reluctance to make a firm commitment to a female running mate indicates that he and his advisers do not yet grasp the full significance of the gender gap and the degree to which American women in all categories have integrated at least some elements of feminist thinking into their daily lives and aspirations.

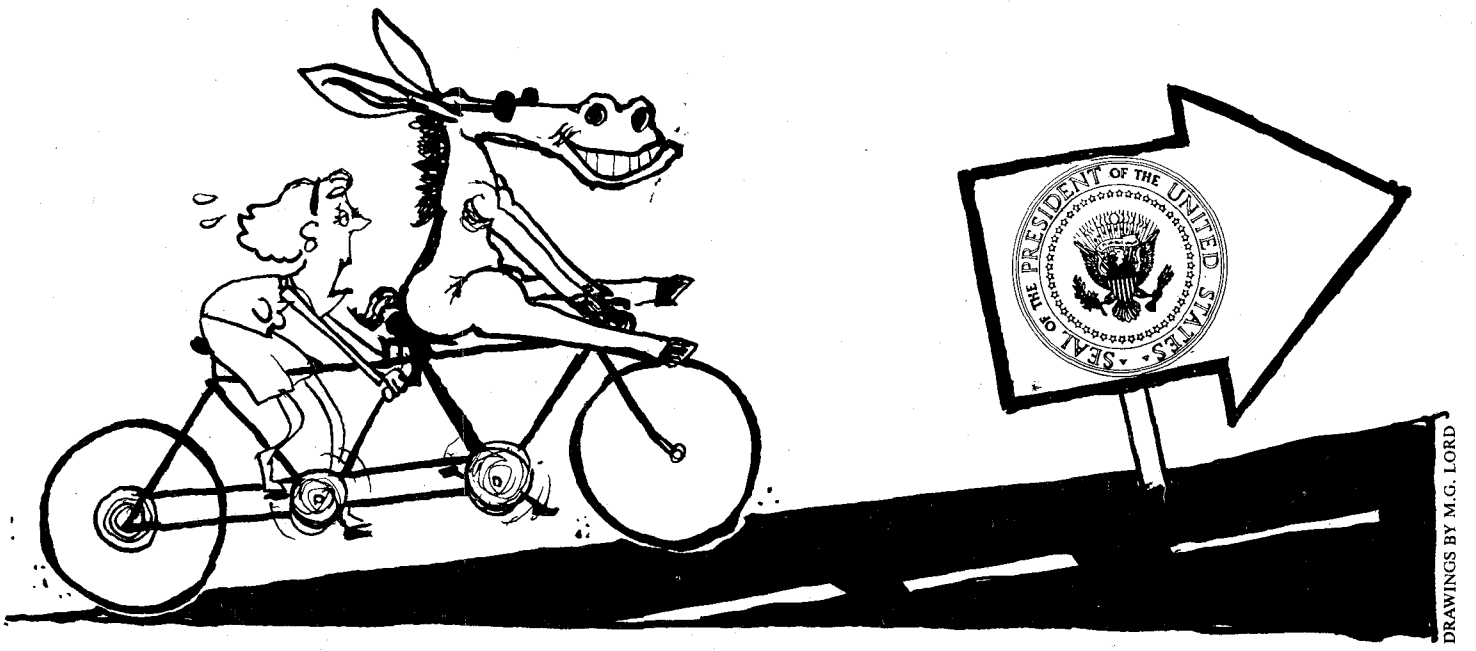
The growing demand for a female Vice-Presidential nominee from Democratic women activists and such groups as the National Organization for Women and the National Women's Political Caucus is more than symbolic. Since 1971, when the new wave of feminism hit the political parties, women have been working at the grass roots to open up the Democratic Party's leadership, which is dominated by white men. Selecting a woman to become the second-highest-ranking government official would provide long-overdue recognition for their efforts and would also provide a favorable climate for the election of more women, blacks and Hispanics to Congress. (Of the 535 members, only twenty-four are women and only twenty-one are black, two of them women.) Judging from women's performance in local and state government office and in the policy-making jobs of the Federal executive branch, party activists believe that a liberal woman in the number-two spot would fight for the concerns of women and make the male leadership more sensitive to the female majority's agenda.

The controversy over the Vice-Presidential choice will certainly come to a head at the Democratic National Convention in July. Working in favor of the selection of a woman is the fact that 50 percent of the delegates will be female, the result of a structural change feminists in the party won in 1980 after a decadelong struggle. There is a possibility, if not a strong likelihood, that a woman will be nominated with the support of many male and minority group delegates.

The same list of names of potential candidates keeps cropping up in the media: Representatives Pat Schroeder of Colorado, Barbara Mikulski of Maryland, Lindy Boggs of Louisiana and Geraldine Ferraro of New York, and San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein. Although not mentioned as often as that group, the pool of highly qualified women includes former members of Congress Martha Griffiths, Lieutenant Governor of Michigan; Patsy Mink, head of the Honolulu City Council; New Yorkers Bella Abzug, Shirley Chisholm and Elizabeth Holtzman, Brooklyn District Attorney; and Barbara Jordan of Texas. Other possibilities are Patricia Roberts Harris, a Washington, D.C., attorney who was Secretary of Housing and Urban Development and later of Health and Human Services in the Carter Administration, and Shirley Hufstedler of California, who gave up a Federal judgeship to become Carter's Secretary of Education.

As Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee, has pointed out, each of the Congresswomen has a more distinguished record than Sargent Shriver, who ran with George McGovern in 1972, or William Miller, who was Barry Goldwater's running mate in 1964. "And each would make a better Vice President than Spiro Agnew," she adds.

That, obviously, is not saying much, but the women mentioned are not simply better than the many lusterless or corrupt men who have run and served as Vice President; they range from good to excellent in their own right. Many influential political feminists favor Pat Schroeder, who has served in high elected office longer than Vice President Bush, has a perfect record on women's issues and has been a persistent gadfly critic of Pentagon strategy and spending in the House Armed Services Committee. She has not been actively going after the nomination, however,



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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because she is committed to Gary Hart, who represents her home state.

Some party officials, including House Speaker Tip O'Neill, are promoting the more malleable Ferraro, and the Democratic National Committee has awarded her the plum of chairing the convention's platform committee, which will gain her national media exposure. Ferraro is a loyal Democrat from conservative Queens County, works comfortably within the party hierarchy and has a liberal voting record, including an excellent record on women's issues. However, some feminists suspect that Ferraro is being used by the party's male establishment as a decoy to discourage other women from actively seeking the office. Ferraro has indicated that her real interest is in running for the Senate in 1986 against incumbent conservative Republican Alfonse D'Amato.

No one can say with certainty whether nominating a woman would help or hurt the ticket, but there is strong evidence that it would energize the Democratic campaign and boost its share of votes. National Women's Political Caucus chair Kathy Wilson, a liberal Republican who has disavowed Reagan, says a female nominee is "the trump card" of the election. "Women are very excited about the prospect of a woman at the top," she says. "It makes them feel included. Women don't want just to vote against Reagan. They want to vote *for* someone."

Most polls have shown that a woman Vice-Presidential candidate would pull voters. A Gallup poll conducted last October reported that by a 2-to-1 ratio (31 percent to 16 percent) women would be more inclined to support a Democratic ticket that included a woman than to support one that didn't. A Harris poll in the same month showed that 66 percent of all voters support the idea of a woman candidate, as against 24 percent who don't, leading Harris to conclude that a woman "would make the entire Democratic ticket more attractive to key swing groups that Ronald Reagan won in 1980." Gary Hart's chief pollster, Dottie Lynch, found that 44 percent of the people she surveyed said they would be more likely to vote for a ticket with a woman, 17 percent would be less inclined and the remainder would not be affected. An April *New York Times*/CBS News poll, which adjusted its questions to account for the fact that people do not always reveal their true feelings in such surveys, showed that running a woman for Vice President would lose about the same percentage of votes from men as it would gain from women. But because women vote in larger numbers, such a standoff in percentages still means a net gain of votes.

If the Democrats have the courage to select a woman as their Vice-Presidential nominee, they will make it nearly impossible for Reagan to overcome the gender gap. Reagan would need about 65 percent of the white male vote to offset the advantage Democrats would have with both women and minorities on their side. It will be a tough task for the President to gain that many male votes above the 55 percent he received in 1980, especially when he has alienated millions of blue-collar workers who supported him in the last election.

Democratic women will not abandon the party if it fails to nominate a woman as its Vice-Presidential candidate—the necessity to defeat Reagan is too great—but the Democrats could lose a winning margin from independent, Republican and undecided women if they pass up this historic opportunity. A woman on the ticket could unleash a powerful surge of enthusiasm in the campaign and at the polls that would make the Democratic nominee electable, an assurance not one of the contenders has now. If the Democrats are smart, they will say *Vive la différence* and go all out for the women's vote. □

STATE DEPARTMENT SIDESHOW

The Starving Of Kampuchea

KENNETH STONE

The first foreigners to visit Kampuchea in early 1979, after the murderous Pol Pot regime had fallen to the Vietnamese, saw a nation on the verge of death. Journalist Nayan Chanda wrote in *Far Eastern Economic Review* that Kampuchea could be called a country after a holocaust. "In this parched land," he reported, "abandoned towns are littered with skeletons and the debris of war, and hundreds of thousands of tired and dazed people crisscross the country seeking relatives." The Oxford Committee for Famine Relief (Oxfam), the first foreign relief agency to enter, reported that as many as 2 million Kampucheans had died from disease or starvation or had been murdered during the preceding four years. It warned that unless a major food relief effort was mounted, another 2 million would probably die before Christmas.

A tremendous outpouring of emotion and funds from the rest of the world followed, with the private U.S. response led by Oxfam America, the American Friends Service Committee, the Church World Service and the Mennonite Central Committee. But soon after, the U.S. government began to block aid that could not be strictly classified as starvation relief. Private aid to help rebuild Kampuchea, said the State Department, would provide comfort to the enemy, facilitate Vietnam's occupation of the country and frustrate American objectives in Southeast Asia.

Over the past four years, the government has banned, for example, a shipment of irrigation pumps from Oxfam America to help replant the rice-growing region around the Mekong River in southeast Kampuchea, and one of tools donated by the Quakers for the construction of school desks and tables. Even a shipment of 85,000 school-supply kits from Mennonite schoolchildren was blocked until public pressure forced the State Department to relent.

Recently the aid embargo has become more encompassing. "We have to *prove* children are going to die if they

Kenneth Stone, a New York City-based freelance writer, specializes in international affairs.

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don't get our aid," says Joel Charny, director of Oxfam America's Kampuchea program. "We argue that agricultural projects today keep children from dying tomorrow, but that doesn't wash with the State Department." The ban has contributed to a decline in Charny's program from $4 million in food and equipment in 1979-80 to less than $300,000 this year. Other voluntary agencies have suffered similar declines or have kept their programs going through sister agencies abroad.

Beyond its impact on Kampuchea, the government's stance poses a fundamental question about the relationship between American citizens and their government. Should the government have the right during peacetime to stop gifts from private citizens to other countries? Or conversely, should Americans be free to frustrate the conduct of U.S. foreign policy?

The legislation that gives the government the right to halt donations to countries like Kampuchea is the Trading with the Enemy Act of 1917. (In 1969 Congress authorized additional restrictions under the Export Administration Act.) Passed in the wake of the United States' entry into World War I, the 1917 act empowers the President to conduct economic warfare by barring trade with and transfer of funds to enemy nations. The act has always been interpreted broadly. In 1963 President Kennedy extended its sanctions to Cuba although no state of war existed; the action was upheld by the courts.

In 1977 Congress amended the act to allow the President to invoke sanctions simply by declaring a state of emergency in relations with a foreign country. Such a determination is not subject to judicial or legislative review. Each year since then, the President has reaffirmed that an emergency exists in relations with Vietnam, North Korea, Cuba and Kampuchea.

As a result, relief agencies need licenses from the Commerce Department to ship goods to Kampuchea, and from the Treasury Department to send money. But those departments pass requests for licenses on to the State Department's Office of Vietnam, Laos and Kampuchea, and the recommendations of that office, according to its deputy director, David Halsted, are almost never reversed by Commerce or Treasury.

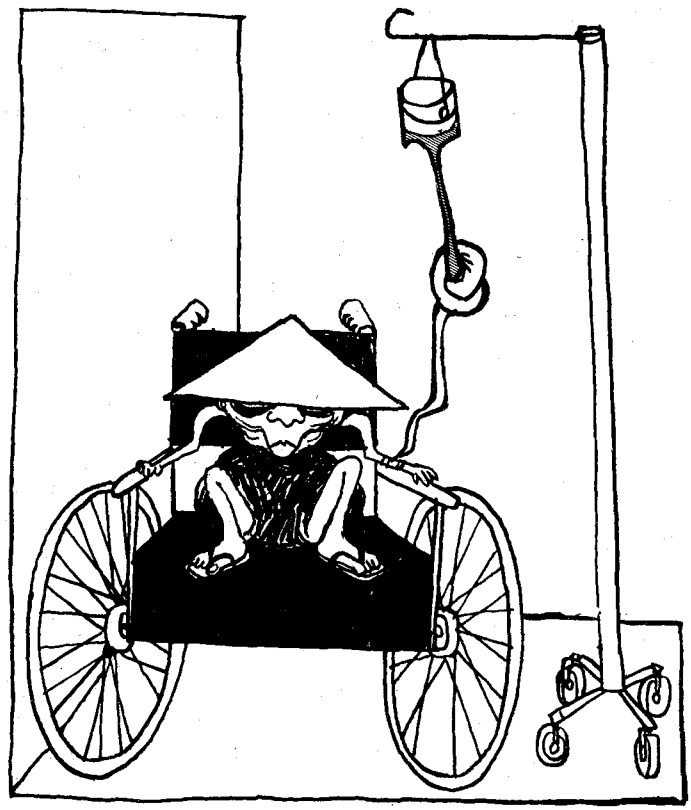
David Elder, co-director of the American Friends Service Committee's Asia program, is familiar with the process. "We knew all about the Trading with the Enemy Act from our days of helping North Vietnamese civilians during the Vietnam War," he says. "Given the utter destruction of Kampuchea, and since we weren't at war, we hoped we could get licenses for aid there, but we figured there might be problems."

For a while there were no problems, as the Carter Administration relaxed sanctions. American relief services, along with the U.S. government, U.N. agencies and the Red Cross, launched food programs for 200,000 refugees in camps along the Kampuchean-Thai border. Sixty-five thousand tons of grain were earmarked for the Kampuchean interior during 1979, but much of the food remained in Phnom Penh, according to some reports, feeding the Vietnamese troops stationed there. Some was also reportedly commandeered by the remnants of Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, who still occupied territory around the Thai border.

Those problems did not at first divert the government from its humanitarian aims. It contributed $137 million to international relief efforts in the 1979-80 emergency. But the Carter Administration became increasingly preoccupied with Vietnamese intentions in Kampuchea, betraying a post-Vietnam War attitude that former State Department Southeast Asia expert Douglas Pike called "psychological disgust that bordered on the irrational." In mid-1980, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs Richard Holbrooke announced that the United States would use political and economic pressure to drive Vietnam out of Kampuchea. Holbrooke's theme has dominated U.S. policy toward the region ever since: the United States seeks to bleed Vietnam to create internal malaise, economic stagnation and international isolation.

And what of Kampuchea? Once again, to use William Shawcross's metaphor, the country, one of the world's poorest, is a "sideshow." If the government is to bleed Vietnam, it cannot allow private American agencies to ease Vietnam's task of controlling the population of Kampuchea. David Halsted outlines State's policy: "We have three criteria to judge whether to allow an aid project. First, there has to be a life-threatening need; second, aid has to be tightly focused in a region; and third, there has to be effective oversight to assure that aid doesn't fall into the hands of the Vietnamese." Halsted says the department distinguishes between "emergency humanitarian relief," which is permitted, and "development aid," which is not.

The difficulty in drawing the line is illustrated by the case



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of the 85,000 school-supply kits. Bert Lobe, Southeast Asia coordinator for the Mennonite Central Committee, says, "In 1981 our children saw their parents contributing to help Kampuchea and decided they had to do their part." The children sacrificed their allowances to buy supplies to send to children in newly reopened schools in Kampuchea. "It seemed such a clear example of humanitarian giving that we didn't even think about the licensing problem," says Lobe. But the government denied the license. The Mennonites appealed. The license was denied again.

"How could I tell our kids that Kampuchean schoolchildren were being held hostage to political ideologies and geopolitics?" Lobe asks. He enlisted the support of several major newspapers. Eventually, Reagan's Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs John Holdridge intervened. A one-time exception was granted. The kits were shipped to Kampuchea beginning in 1982.

That decision left some hard feelings at the State Department. "That kind of aid is not urgent humanitarian assistance," Halsted says. "The department had a defensible policy and should have stuck to its guns and denied the application. If a similar request came in today, I assure you we would deny it."

The motivation for most of the relief groups is not politics or ideology but religion. Since 1979, projects in Kampuchea have been sponsored by Baptists, Catholics, Jews, Lutherans, Mennonites, Quakers and Seventh-day Adventists. "Some religious groups come in here and talk about the inner tension they feel at not being allowed to carry out God's work," says Halsted. "You can see the strength of their belief in their faces. Certainly, I sympathize with them." But, he adds, "They've got to understand that private citizens sometimes have to accommodate themselves to the foreign policy needs of their government."

If that view seems to fly in the face of constitutional guarantees of freedom of religion, the courts have consistently ruled otherwise. In 1970 Parl Welch, a Quaker, sued the Treasury Department for refusing to let him send $2,000 to the Canadian Friends Service Committee for relief work in Vietnam. A Federal District Court in Washington, D.C., ruled that even if Welch's rights had been violated, the President's authority to execute war takes precedence. When Welch appealed the decision, the Treasury Department reversed itself and let him send the money. The appellate court ruled that since the government had permitted the contribution, the appeal was moot. The lower court's decision stood.

Lawyers for Oxfam America fear that initiating another court challenge would be expensive and might embolden the government to ban all relief efforts to Kampuchea. In addition, the publicity might lose the agencies contributions from people wondering why their dollars were fighting a court case in the United States rather than hunger abroad.

So, voluntary agencies have decided to operate within the limits of the act as best they can. To avoid confrontations with the government, they no longer ask for licenses they know the State Department will deny. Joel Charny says that during his frequent trips to Kampuchea, local officials always request help for projects in agricultural development and small-scale rural industry. "Projects we'd snap up in a minute in Sri Lanka, India or any of the other thirty countries in which we operate, we have to decline in Kampuchea," he says.

Still, other agencies have found ways to slip past the Administration's defenses: for example, asking their counterparts in other countries to fund projects in Kampuchea. Educational materials, tools for building school equipment and pamphlets to teach basic hygiene are all paid for in that way. They don't launder funds, the agencies insist, since no funds are ever transferred.

Such game playing will have to continue as long as the Reagan Administration refuses to soften its stance on Kampuchea. With some 160,000 Vietnamese troops occupying the country five years after the fall of Pol Pot, chances for such a turnaround are slim. Last September, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs John Monjo told Congress, "Hanoi's objective . . . [is] an Indochina dominated by Vietnam and subservient to its interests." Administration officials view the Kampuchean situation as a test of will and a chance to make up for what they still see as America's failure in Southeast Asia a decade ago.

Meanwhile, reports from Kampuchea say that the drought last summer, coupled with regional flooding later, has left a shortage of 240,000 tons of rice, the largest since 1979. The once-reticent Kampuchean government is pleading with foreign relief agencies for help. In a meeting at the State Department earlier this year, voluntary agencies relayed the request, and the Quakers said that their five aid officials in Kampuchea had confirmed the likelihood of famine in several regions. The agencies asked for a blanket approval to send emergency food aid, but the State Department refused, citing foreign policy considerations. Kampuchea was exaggerating its shortage to get food to sustain its troops and the Vietnamese occupiers, the department explained.

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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The size of the food shortage can be debated; that there is hunger in Kampuchea cannot. A February 9 report from the State Department admitted that the food situation in Kampuchea is "precarious" and noted that malnutrition plagues many parts of the country. How will the United States respond?

Four years ago, Representative Millicent Fenwick urged her colleagues in the House to approve aid for Kampuchea: "We have never cared who sat in the palaces of the world; we have always been concerned about who is starving in the streets." Today, those who could make a difference do not share that sentiment. □

DISPUTE OVER C.I.A. FILES

The Case for the New F.O.I.A. Bill

IRA GLASSER

Later this month a bill that has evoked concern and disagreement among civil libertarians and critics of the Central Intelligence Agency will be sent to the floor of the House of Representatives. The bill, which would exempt certain kinds of C.I.A. files from normal requirements under the Freedom of Information Act, has been scrutinized and debated in a series of recent public hearings before various Congressional committees. After many revisions, the latest version of this bill, H.R. 5164, has a good chance of passing in the full House, partly because, after a long drafting process, it has gained the support of the American Civil Liberties Union.

The A.C.L.U.'s position has been attacked in several forums and publications, among them *The Nation* [see Angus Mackenzie, "The Operational Files Exemption," September 24, 1983]. Some of our critics have gone so far as to suggest that the A.C.L.U. has become, wittingly or unwittingly, an accomplice in weakening the F.O.I.A.

In light of those charges, it is important to understand what the American Civil Liberties Union has been doing, why it supports a much-changed version of legislation it originally opposed and why it thinks the legislation represents a modest victory for those who support the F.O.I.A.

The Freedom of Information Act is one of the most important laws enacted by Congress. By making government information available to the public, the act strengthens America's commitment to informed, robust debate on all public policies. The act is especially vital with respect to the C.I.A., whose illegal activities are encouraged by the shroud of secrecy that envelops them. While the shroud has not yet been sufficiently lifted, over the last decade the F.O.I.A. has been a significant tool in bringing the C.I.A.

Ira Glasser is national executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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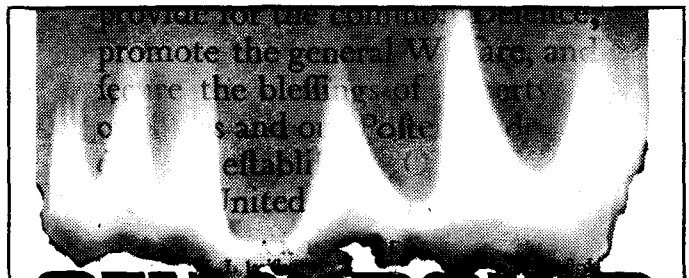

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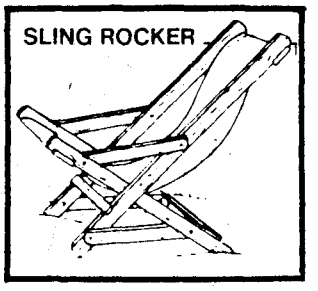

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But most people who submit requests to the agency under the F.O.I.A. encounter two main problems: the C.I.A. withholds information it should release by hiding behind exaggerated claims of national security, which the courts have never had the courage to reject; and when it does decide to release information it takes an intolerable amount of time—often two to three years.

Aside from pure obstructionism, a primary cause for delay is the time-consuming search the agency undertakes through its "operational" files when processing an F.O.I.A. request. Basically, operational files contain documents and information related to the intelligence *process* rather than the intelligence *product*. For example, a document that describes the technical capacity and location of a sophisticated optics device is considered operational; the information obtained by that device is not. Similarly, how an intelligence source was spotted and recruited, how much he is paid, the details of where and when he meets with his case officer, are all considered operational; any information provided by that source is not.

Such operational information, with a few important exceptions described below, is invariably classified and therefore exempt from release under the provisions of the F.O.I.A. The courts have never ordered the release of such information, and are not likely to under any conceivable standard of classification. Nonetheless, every time an F.O.I.A. request is made to the C.I.A., all operational files have to be reviewed.

To alleviate the problem of delays, the A.C.L.U. set out to draft legislation that would spare the agency from searching through its operational files. At the same time we wanted to insure that the kind of information currently being released or likely to be released in the future would not be exempt or improperly hidden in operational files. We felt that such legislation would obligate the C.I.A. to respond to requests more quickly, while guaranteeing that no new curbs on information would result.

Of course, the C.I.A., already on record as favoring legislation that would exempt it from all provisions of the act, jumped at the opportunity to support a bill that would exempt it from searching its operational files. Our task, therefore, was to defeat the legislation unless its language strictly limited the exemption. That was not easy.

After much lobbying, the Senate passed S. 1324 which, while much improved over the version that was introduced, was not adequate in several important respects. If that had been the final version of the legislation, we would have opposed it and we believe our opposition would have killed it.

Fortunately, the legislative process is just that, a process. Accordingly, after the Senate approved its bill, we set to work on the House version. For us, the House is a much more hospitable forum, and we thought we stood a good chance of getting everything we wanted. We did. In its present form this bill differs markedly from the Senate's. We support this version because we believe it will obligate the C.I.A. to release information more quickly and prevent it

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from withholding any information it is currently obligated to release. Here is a summary of the major provisions of H.R. 5164:

§ Operational files in three divisions of the C.I.A.—the Directorate of Operations, the Directorate for Science and Technology and the Office of Security—would be exempt from search and review. (A few important exceptions are noted in the bill and summarized below.) The term "operational" is defined narrowly to include only files that document the means of acquiring information, as opposed to those that contain the information itself. All other C.I.A. files, including those in the three specified divisions, will be subject to search and review under the Freedom of Information Act.

§ All documents from operational files that are disseminated outside the three divisions, whether within the C.I.A. or elsewhere in the government, will be subject to search and review—even a document that concerns the most intimate details of an operation and is sent only to the director of Central Intelligence. Once disseminated, information cannot be exempt, even if it is kept in an otherwise exempt operational file. That includes any document shown to someone outside the three divisions on an "eyes only," no-copy basis and returned to the operational file.

§ All information in operational files concerning covert operations will be subject to search and review, unless the very existence of the covert operation is properly classified information.

§ All information in operational files concerning the subject matter of an investigation of improper or illegal conduct by the C.I.A. will be subject to search and review. Such investigations may be conducted by the agency's inspector general or general counsel, by Congressional oversight committees or by the President's Intelligence Oversight Board. The C.I.A. also initiates an investigation whenever a private citizen makes an allegation of improper or illegal conduct: for example, that an organization has been illegally infiltrated. (It does not investigate claims of a clearly frivolous nature, such as "the C.I.A. is manipulating my brain waves.") Regardless of an investigation's outcome, the C.I.A. will be required, in response to an F.O.I.A. request, to search its operational files for information concerning the alleged abuse. This provision insures that all information in the operational files concerning abuses investigated by the Church and Pike committees will continue to be accessible and that in the future, similar information on alleged abuses will be available.

§ Operational files must be searched in response to U.S. citizens or permanent resident aliens who request information about themselves. This provision preserves the access to information currently available to individuals.

§ Federal courts will have the right to review whether a particular file meets the legal definition of "operational" or whether particular documents are improperly kept solely in operational files. This guarantee significantly improves on the Senate version and clearly opposes the C.I.A. position, taken during Senate hearings last June, that no judicial review should be permitted.

§ Finally, the bill does not apply retroactively to any lawsuit pending on February 7, 1984, the day before the House began hearings on the bill.

Some critics of the A.C.L.U.'s position say the bill would allow the C.I.A. to withhold information it is currently obligated to release, or conceivably would be obligated to release under a more liberal standard of classification. That claim is false. Various people have shown us documents released under current law that arguably might not be released under the proposed legislation. We have examined them all, and in every case the document would still be released under one of the exceptions provided in H.R. 5164. Moreover, even a liberal administration would without doubt continue to classify the kinds of sources and methods the bill would exempt.

Others suggest that the A.C.L.U. has compromised important principles by lobbying for the bill. That, too, is false. If anyone has compromised in this process, it is the C.I.A., which initially opposed many of the provisions on which we insisted.

Our position was unflinching: from the beginning, we maintained that we would oppose the bill unless each of our concerns was adequately met. Although the Senate bill did not meet them all, H.R. 5164 does. As A.C.L.U. staff counsel Mark Lynch testified before Congress on May 10, "Any movement away from what has been achieved in H.R. 5164 would be unacceptable, and we would oppose any tinkering with this bill in a House-Senate conference."

Such tinkering is unlikely because Senators Barry Goldwater and Daniel Moynihan, chair and vice chair, respectively, of the Senate Intelligence Committee which helped draft the Senate version, have informed the House

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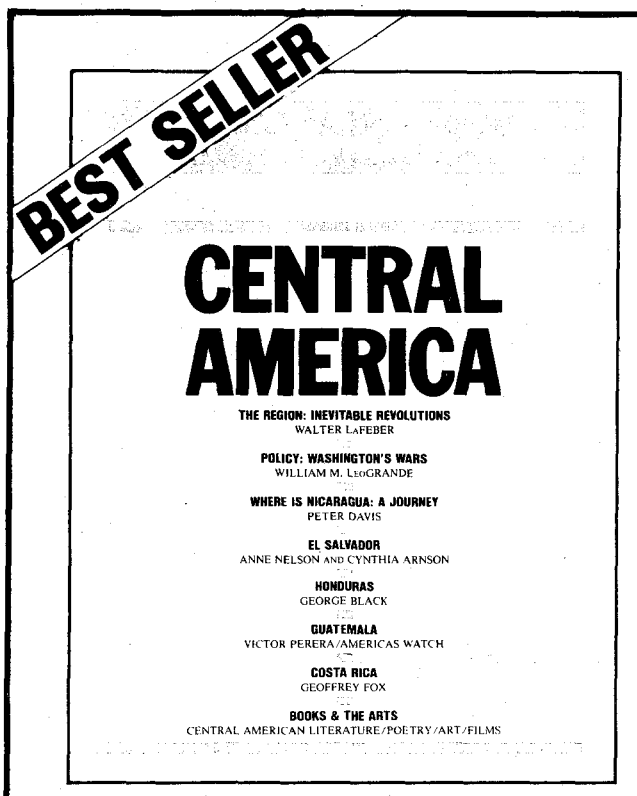

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committee in writing that they will accept H.R. 5164 without a conference.

The A.C.L.U. believes that the bill deserves the support of information act advocates. It promises to speed up the response to requests and imposes various legal obligations on the C.I.A. that insure against the loss of information now available or likely to become available. While it is not the biggest triumph, it is a significant step forward. It is certainly not the disaster some have made it out to be. □

Vatican

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

testify to that. Missionaries from France, Ireland and elsewhere implanted their faith in Africa, where Catholicism is a fast-growing minority in some countries, under siege in others but recognized, as everywhere else in the Third World, as a religion of the elite. For a long time the Third World Catholic elite, shaped in the image of Rome, lacked self-confidence when confronted by the will or displeasure of the Vatican. But that has changed in recent years.

Since it appeared in Latin America more than fifteen years ago, liberation theology has bothered the Vatican. Priests who allied themselves with the poor or opposed brutal governments embarrassed bishops who tolerated or were friendly to those in power. The situation was worse for the bishops whenever they sided with the priests. In the 1970s Dom Helder Câmara, Archbishop of Recife in overpopulated and perennially drought-stricken northeast Brazil, became perhaps the most famous of the sympathetic bishops. The Brazilian press was forbidden to mention his name, except critically. He was called a communist. His home was burned down several times. His priests were beaten and arrested, and one of his aides was killed. Dom Helder may be a hero to the priests, the nuns and the people, but the Vatican has never really supported him.

Also important was Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, the primate of El Salvador, who started out as a quiet conservative but became openly critical of the government after the murder of a priest who was a close friend. On March 24, 1980, just before Easter, Romero was murdered as he said mass in a chapel in San Salvador. The order was widely reported to have come from Maj. Roberto d'Aubuisson, who had been the National Guard's intelligence chief only a few months before. On the fourth anniversary of that event, with El Salvador rent more than ever by a bloody civil war and d'Aubuisson standing as a presidential candidate, an unauthorized parade of mothers of the *desaparecidos* marched in commemoration to the cathedral where Romero is buried, carrying banners with the Archbishop's words: "Do not fear those who kill, because they cannot kill the spirit." Maurizio Clerici, correspondent for Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, described the scene outside the cathedral,

T.M. Pasca is an American journalist who writes for The Nation *from Rome.*

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as the women sang hymns and cried out a litany:

"Who killed our prophet?"

"D'Aubuisson."

"What do the people want?"

"Justice!"

Inside the cathedral, a priest finished saying mass at the main altar and quickly left. In order not to further disturb the presidential election, which began March 25, wrote Clerici, the church did not officially commemorate the murder of its leader. In fact, Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas did not even mention it.

"One has the impression," Clerici's article concluded, "that following the visit to Rome a month ago by the bishops of El Salvador, their attitude changed. It became more cautious and distant."

I showed the article to a priest in Rome closely associated with liberation theology. "My God," he said, "the church had a chance there to really influence the election."

"That's the point," I replied. "The Vatican doesn't want the church to be involved. You can certainly appreciate that."

"Yes," he said, "unfortunately I can."

"Especially now."

"Correct," he said.

Especially now, because between March and April a series of events took place in Rome, Bogotá and Rio de Janeiro that brought the conflict about liberation theology out of the church's inner sanctum. The Vatican's first public charge that priests teaching liberation theology had fallen for that old devil Marx appeared in the cover article of the March issue of *30 Giorni*, a garish and reactionary Italian lay Catholic magazine. Accompanying it was a picture of what was supposed to be a guerrilla priest—a bandanna on his face and a pistol on his belt—saying mass at an improvised altar in a jungle clearing.

The article's author, Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger of West Germany, is a close associate of Pope John Paul II. He also heads one of the Vatican's most important offices, the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (the Holy Office), which for four centuries went by the name of its function, the Sacred Congregation of the Universal Inquisition.

In his article, the Cardinal named several leading liberation theologians in Latin America who, he said, were sailing with the winds of Marxist dialectics and class warfare in their preoccupation with the conditions of the poor. "Here one can recognize very clearly a mixing together of a fundamental Christian truth and a choice that is fundamentally un-Christian," he wrote, "in which the Sermon on the Mount becomes a choice on the part of God in favor of the poor." He concluded, "If one considers how radical an interpretation [liberation theology] gives to Christianity, the problem of what can and must be done about it becomes all the more urgent."

Immediately after the article came out, the Vatican declared that it was an unofficial "working paper" that had been published without the Cardinal's knowledge. It was, in fact, the text of a statement Cardinal Ratzinger delivered last September at a closed meeting held in Rome's

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Castel Sant' Angelo and attended by the Pope.

Cardinal Ratzinger's attack on liberation theology was widely reported in Europe and Latin America in March, when final preparations were being made for a meeting in Bogotá between the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith and CELAM, the Latin American Episcopal Council, which coordinates the conferences of bishops from Latin American countries. The publication of Cardinal Ratzinger's opinions, which can be assumed to be those of the Pope, was clearly an attempt to orchestrate the Bogotá meeting, which dealt with, among other issues, liberation theology.

On April 13 Cardinal Ratzinger appeared in the Vatican's press room on Via della Conciliazione, the broad avenue which leads to the great dome of St. Peter's Basilica, to talk about the Bogotá meeting and answer questions. He was careful not to issue a blanket condemnation of liberation theology, but clearly he sees more bad than good in it. It has, he said, "different ways of expressing itself, some of which are completely legitimate, others open to criticism and some unacceptable."

The Vaticanisti, members of the Rome press corps whose task is not unlike that of Kremlinologists in Moscow, pressed the Cardinal to be more explicit. He responded:

> The kind of liberation theology that is inadmissible is the kind that uses Marxist analysis as an instrument to interpret social and economic reality, and even the traditions of the faith, in a partisan choice. There is also the problem that some [clergy] . . . are so moved by the misery [they witness] as to conclude that only this kind of radicalism, Marxism, can save the situation. They are no longer capable of understanding evangelical radicalism that, in a certain sense, is perhaps more radical.

That statement was clarified by Msgr. Jerome Hamer of Belgium. Liberation theology "in its most extreme form means the church that takes up the cause of the oppressed who are seeking to prevail in the Marxist sense," Monsignor Hamer said. "When the people are identified with a class, in short, when the church is reduced to the so-called poor, when the church is reduced to a part of the Christian people, then this interpretation is not acceptable."

Around the time of the Bogotá meeting and the press conference that followed it, word began to spread of the first purge of the liberation theology movement: Cardinal Eugenio de Araújo Sales, Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, relieved two professors of theology, the Rev. Clodovis Boff and the Rev. Antonio Moser at the Pontifical Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro, of their teaching duties. Five other priests at the University of Saint Ursula in the same diocese were reported to have received similar orders.

In evaluating the Vatican's attempt to put down liberation theologians, three developments that have taken place over the past fifty years in the Catholic Church should be considered. The first is the gradual freeing of Catholic theologians that began in the late 1930s. Up to that time theologians had generally been highly respected instruments in the hands of superiors who called on them to provide doctrinal and intellectual support for their policies. That changed under Pope Pius XII, who allowed theologians to write, teach and pursue research with more independence. Today, Catholic theologians have much more freedom than they would have dreamed of fifty years ago, but they still do not enjoy the intellectual liberty of their colleagues in other academic fields. If they did, their superiors would see them not as Marxists but as Protestants.

The second historical development to consider is France's worker-priest movement, a forerunner of liberation theology. In the atmosphere of defeat and bitter reappraisal that pervaded France after its capitulation to Germany in 1940, some bishops and priests concluded that Catholic faith had declined there because the church had become too distant from the lives of the people, particularly the workers. As a result of that reassessment, in 1944 the first worker priests were secretly sent to join Frenchmen in forced labor camps in Germany. After the war the movement grew, and during the politically chaotic years of the late 1940s and early 1950s it even won a few supporters in Rome. But when worker priests participated in demonstrations alongside Communists and were arrested in 1954, the Holy Office prevailed and the worker-priest movement was officially forbidden. It was one of the last important acts of the single-mindedly anticommunist Pius XII.

The third and most significant development is the spirit of reform that grew out of the Second Vatican Council held from October 1962 to December 1965. In the years following Vatican II, the conservative elements in Rome, having

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The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

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suffered a defeat, launched an internal counterreformation, and many of the most radical priests and nuns were, in effect, driven out of the church. Still, Vatican II reforms have been institutionalized and must be respected or at least acknowledged by high-level figures in a church that is nothing if not legalistic. It was significant, for instance, that in criticizing liberation theology during the April 13 press conference, Monsignor Hamer felt the need to say "When we criticize the people's church this is not a criticism of the relevant chapter of Vatican II dealing with God's people."

It is possible that the liberation theology movement will be put down as decisively as the worker-priest movement was thirty years ago, but that is not probable and certainly would be a much more difficult task for the Vatican. The worker-priest movement was limited to one country, although it had begun to attract small followings in other parts of Europe. By contrast, the liberation theology movement represents a sizable minority of the priests and nuns in Latin America and is widely dispersed and accepted there. For its part, the Vatican would prefer not to perform a lobotomy on the church, an act which would affect every one of its universities and institutions of higher learning. Nor does it want to do anything that would alienate the most vital elements of the Catholic leadership in developing countries.

Crushing the liberation theologians would also be difficult because they are not easily intimidated. The movement's three most important teachers and writers are the Peruvian Rev. Gustavo Gutiérrez, whose book *A Theology of Liberation* gave the movement its name; the Rev. Jon Sobrino, a Jesuit scholar who taught in El Salvador and whose writings on the life of Christ in relation to Latin American conditions have been extremely influential; and the Rev. Leonardo Boff, a Franciscan in Brazil and brother of Clodovis. The three have been under investigation by Cardinal Ratzinger's office for some time, but no action has been taken against them.

No matter what the Vatican does, those theologians, like the liberal-minded clergymen in Holland who were slapped down by Pope John Paul II a few years ago, will probably not change their ways. As the Pope embarked on his recent tour aimed at encouraging the smaller Catholic churches of the developing world, the Latin American liberation theologians began responding to the Vatican's spring offensive. Typescript copies of a reply from Fathers Clodovis and Leonardo Boff were circulated—*samizdat* fashion—among Rome's large international community of clerical students and professors. Excerpts were published in the Italian press.

"Marx," the Franciscan priests wrote, "is neither the father nor the godfather of liberation theology. . . . The theologians of liberation continue to speak of grace and sin, faith and the lack of it, conversion and prayer. To now interpret all this as just language and as a tactic to hide the actual 'danger' behind an appearance of 'religiosity' is to want to believe that the theologians of liberation are unbelievers and, worse still, hypocrites."

Marxism might be considered dangerous to the faith, they argued, but it can also be useful, "in particular for an understanding of the realities of society, above all as regards poverty and overcoming poverty. . . . If there is any evangelical reasoning behind liberation theology it concerns the cause of poverty. It can even be said that the theology of liberation does not want to be anything other than the cry that comes from the faith of the poor and that it makes articulate."

They concluded, "We fear that Cardinal Ratzinger's document, aside from his theological intention, when in the hands of those who oppose any change in society, becomes a political instrument with which to cause even more suffering for the poor, to discredit the Church and to curse the name of God."

This was strong language at the start of a full-scale struggle in which both sides are convinced that they are on solid ground and are not likely to back down easily. Each is fighting for what it considers its reason for existence. The outcome of this battle will no doubt have wide ramifications for the church as well as for the political future of the Third World. □

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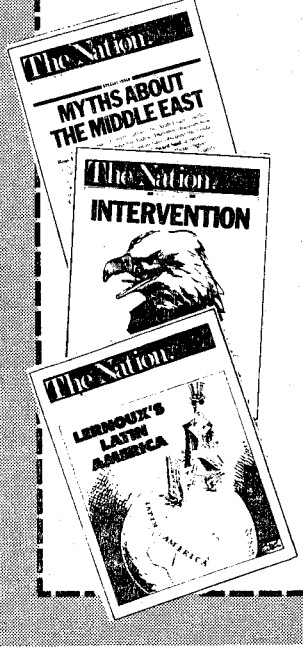

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Jane in the Cities

THOMAS BENDER

CITIES AND THE WEALTH OF NATIONS: Principles of Economic Life. *By Jane Jacobs. Random House. 257 pp. $17.95.*

Twenty-five years ago Jane Jacobs entered public life as an activist resident of New York City's Greenwich Village and as the author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. While the verdict is mixed on her achievements as a community activist, there is no question that she wrote a remarkable book. It remains, I have been told more than once, the standard by which her editor, Jason Epstein, defines the ideal nonfiction book: it is serious, important, original, provocative, strongly argued and eminently readable. It also commands the attention of three sizable audiences: specialists, general readers and students. Not surprisingly, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* has sold substantially more than a quarter of a million copies.

Most important, the book has had an extraordinary impact on the public sphere. The architects, planners and urbanists who were the objects of her stinging criticism reversed field with uncommon quickness and raced one another to get right with Jane Jacobs. Admittedly, the time was propitious for such a book and the outrageousness of much postwar urban development had prepared its way. But both book and author deserve ample credit for their success.

Jane Jacobs began her career as an opponent of the world Robert Moses wanted to make, but knowing that has still not made it easy to place her work on the political spectrum or within an intellectual tradition. It is natural, of course, to identify her as an opponent of Progressive and Rooseveltian liberalism, and to say that this accounts for the sustenance her work gives to those who would defend their neighborhoods from the unholy alliance of developers and big government. But can one go beyond this defensive stance and locate a positive urban program in Jacobs's work? Many on the left have found it difficult to do so, for she lends little support to socialism and much to capitalism.

Perhaps no left-leaning critic of American society has so enthusiastically embraced capitalism since William Leggett brought the social theories of Locofoco democracy to the editorial pages of the New York *Evening Post* in the 1830s. Both Leggett and Jacobs belong to a once-popular American tradition of antimonopoly capitalism. This is a tradition which does not accept the equation of bigness with efficiency vaunted by corporate capitalism. It does, however, endorse the expanded opportunities offered by antimonopoly capitalism.

The problem is that this tradition seems not to have survived past 1912 either in mainstream American politics or in "sophisticated" political theory. Because we no longer take it seriously, it is difficult to locate Jacobs's populist—in the strict sense of drawing on a continuing popular tradition—politics on the current map of American political discourse.

But once she is placed in this political tradition it becomes clear how profoundly American a figure she is. And when one looks at the intellectual method of her work, it too manifests a particular kind of Americanness. The most memorable parts of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* are written out of the direct observation and urban experience of Jane Jacobs. Almost all readers will recall, for example, her extraordinarily insightful discussions of the way street life works. But there has been a tendency in intellectual and particularly academic life of late to devalue this sort of observation. However right Jacobs may be, her detractors imply, her intellectual mode lacks the universalizing power of the work she so tellingly criticizes. This response to her work has interesting implications: it reveals a division in American culture, and it makes manifest the current hegemony of the academic mind with its commitment to science, formalism and abstraction.

To say that Jacobs is an American thinker is not to impute to her either naïveté or provincialism. On the contrary, one is constantly impressed with her alertness to urban and economic developments in all parts of the world. She is, I mean to say, American in her method; she exemplifies what Alexis de Tocqueville described as the "Philosophical Method of the Americans"—a tendency to distrust authority and to assume that through direct observation and reasoning "everything in the world may be explained."

Denying the common and still current assumption that Americans are antitheoretical, de Tocqueville insisted that they are theoretical after a particular fashion. They operate, he observed, in the "middle zone of theory," keeping always close to empirical observation and to practical use. "Scientific precedents," he reflected,

> have little weight with them; they are never long detained by the subtlety of the schools nor ready to accept big words for sterling coin; they penetrate, as far as they can, into the principal parts of the subject that occupies them, and they like to expound them in the popular language. Scientific pursuits then follow a freer and safer course, but a less lofty one.

One could not better describe both the animus and the accomplishment of Jane Jacobs. In her remarkable new book, *Cities and the Wealth of Nations*, she confronts macroeconomics, the paradigm if not actually a caricature of current academic social inquiry. Here Jacobs's characteristically American and civic way of thinking asserts itself against a professionalism marked by little sense of place.

She associates herself with an urban and popular tradition of "naked eye" science, and she explains that "whenever possible . . . I have used my eyes and ears, but have also drawn heavily on many other observers, living and dead." This empirical faith was characteristic of both the natural and social sciences in America a hundred years ago when, in a mode strikingly similar to Jacobs's, Frederick Law Olmsted published his still provocative appraisals of the history, society and design of cities in the *Journal of Social Science*.

During the last century, social science has been professionalized and transformed, and the tradition of urban dis-

Thomas Bender, whose books include Toward an Urban Vision *and* Community and Social Change in America *(both Johns Hopkins University Press), teaches at New York University.*

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course common to Olmsted and Jacobs has lost favor. Reality, according to the new academic social scientists, must be pursued behind appearances, and its description must depend on subtle abstractions. Jane Jacobs reminds us, with great force, that the further these abstractions get from observable historical processes the more unreliable, even dangerous, they become. A lesser writer might easily slide into anti-intellectualism; Jacobs does not. By insisting on the seriousness and consequence of intellect, she provides a testament to the life of the mind in America and a necessary complement and counterweight for academic discourse.

Cities and the Wealth of Nations wonderfully illuminates the perennial tension between cities and nations, something particularly obscured by the nationalist bias of macroeconomics. From its beginnings as mercantilism, the discipline has been associated with the nation-states that succeeded a Europe organized by city-states. Macroeconomics, whether in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* or in J.M. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* has, therefore, taken the nation as the relevant economic unit. Efforts to stimulate development, both in advanced economies bedeviled by stagflation and in what Jacobs is willing to call "backward" economies, are based on the abstraction of a national economy. Jacobs challenges this. Cities and their regions are actual economies, and they are thus the proper objects of analysis and of political concern. And they may even require sovereignty, including power over their own currencies, in order to overcome the distortions produced by policy based on the idea of the nation.

Jacobs does not flinch before the staggering implications of this argument. In *The Question of Separatism: Quebec and the Struggle Over Sovereignty* (1980), she confronted the difficult question of national sovereignty. In slightly over a hundred pages she made separatism seem surprisingly reasonable. A national association of sovereign cities seemed to her a fruitful avenue to the cultural, economic and political vitality she has long celebrated.

Many of the major themes of *Cities and the Wealth of Nations* were foreshadowed in the earlier book. She asserted there the importance of production that replaces imports, the benefits of earning capital through exports rather than through interregional or international transfers of development funds, and the dangers inherent in allowing any economy to become a dependent supply region for a more advanced one. Now, using a wide range of observations from the United States, Canada, Japan and the Pacific Rim, Latin America and Europe, she offers an alternative if perhaps utopian way of thinking about urban and national economic development.

"Development," she insists, "cannot be given. It has to be *done*." And cities alone can do it. Even rural development depends on cities. Without cities to absorb the production increases and the labor force freed by gains in agricultural productivity, efforts to improve the rural economy, even with so-called appropriate technology, will produce only unemployment and poverty. One needs a system of cities to generate growth; only intercity trade with more advanced and less advanced partners will stimulate the import-replacing activity that she thinks central to economic development.

The most dynamic economies are those in which efficiency is achieved by the nesting of many interdependent small and medium-size enterprises in a large city; large and self-sufficient organizations, whether locally installed by governments or multinationals, do little to stimulate city and regional economies and, in fact, will likely turn the local economy into a highly distorted "supply" region economy.

She makes the point that Venice and, for that matter, the northern cities of the United States before 1850 fit her model rather well. But the real question concerns prospects today. Must we, can we, repeat those processes? Or has the world changed too much? She suggests that we must but probably cannot. Yet her one example of contemporary American success, the rejuvenation of the Boston economy since World War II, suggests that import replacement, for all she has to say about it, may not be so crucial. The wonderful image of Wang computers being manufactured in the factories of Lowell, Massachusetts, where the industrial revolution began in this country, fits her model of symbiosis, innovation and small, interdependent enterprises feeding on one another. But it has nothing to do with import replacement. There may, in short, be other routes to revitalization, though her skepticism about overly ambitious and, paradoxically, safe capital and plant transfers remains valid.

So what are we to do? Recognizing that governments and citizens "would sooner decline and decay unified" than embrace her solution of converting national sovereignty into "a family of small sovereignties," she proposes rather limited responses that have the virtue of threatening little damage.

The best we can hope for at the moment is "Drift," the title of Jacobs's final chapter. Instead of the "military kind of thinking" that characterizes our efforts to master and "conquer" economic life, she offers a messier and more chancy vision of development. We would be doing well, she thinks, if we accommodated ourselves to an ethic of "improvisational drift into unprecedented kinds of work that carry unprecedented problems, then drifting into improvised solutions."

Such counsel bears some marks of wisdom, but it is worrisome. If the liberal and scientific quest for mastery has produced errors of gargantuan proportions, so has the improvisational economy Jacobs embraces. Whether in nineteenth-century America or in Taiwan, her most important contemporary example, drift has created potent structures of private power that have foreclosed opportunity and undermined justice. It was, after all, the transformation of antimonopoly capitalism into monopoly capitalism that produced the liberal state.

There is, however, an even more serious problem here. At the heart of this book—and Jacobs's other writings—is the notion of the city as a natural system. Organic and biological metaphors and analogies drive her argument forward. She treats cities and their economies as self-regulating entities, and that faith in natural systems is the most troubling aspect of this wonderfully provocative book. For all her celebration of a vital public life in cities, Jacobs has a nonpolitical sense of the public realm. Her underlying assumption is that justice inheres in a natural order of things rather than in politics. But surely political life, from the time of the polis to our own time, has provided the best means of pursuing justice in the city.

The city, as Lévi-Strauss once remarked, is at once a "natural object" and "something to be cultivated." It is striking how infrequently questions of social structure or the relations of power, fundamental products of human history and facts of city life, find a place in Jacobs's basic model of the city.

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Marx and Engels assumed that after the revolution the state would wither away; Jacobs seems to assume—for all the historicity of her mind—that in her utopia history and culture will wither away, leaving the city a biological system. Until she confronts such issues, her work will lend support to a conservatism that neither she nor any of us will very well survive. □

The Vatican Bag

LARRY BENSKY

GOD'S BANKER. *By Rupert Cornwell. Dodd, Mead. 260 pp. $15.95.*

Banking scandals are all alike. Someone gets a hand comfortably around the cookie jar. Then a hand reaches up, and in; some cookies disappear. There are, by then, enough hands holding the jar to hide its contents, and enough mouths associated with the hands to provide assurances about what's still there. One day, there are no more cookies left; hands fall from the jar, and the vast emptiness of it astounds investors, auditors, regulators and politicians. The hands' owners disappear, commit suicide or (rarely) go to prison. End of scandal, until next time.

The difference between the Italian Banco Ambrosiano scandal and others of its ilk lay in its intrinsically political nature. Ambrosiano and its close associate, the Vatican's I.O.R. Bank, spent untold millions toward the re-creation of Fascism in Italy and the building of an international terrorist network in support of right-wing murderers, torturers and politicians. It also, not incidentally, enriched a few greedy and dishonest people.

It was all too easy to do, given the proclivities of the institutions eager to participate. The Mafia needed a banking cover for its worldwide dope deals; the Christian Democrats in Italy and elsewhere had their payroll requirements; the Vatican needed a secret fund for the Pope's favorite charity, Solidarity; the C.I.A. had to lubricate its assets or terminate its irreducible adversaries; and an undefined bestiary of Latin generals, Opus Dei cryptofascists and financier/arms merchants all needed twenty-four-hour access to the money as well.

For less than 1 percent extra in interest they would just as soon let a schlump like Roberto Calvi in on their deals as the folks at Chase Manhattan. *God's Banker* is long on Calvi's sadly inarticulate personality but lamentably short on his undoubted international effect. (For details of that still-unfolding tale, see Penny Lernoux's recent book, *In Banks We Trust*, whose subtitle, *Bankers and Their Close Associates: The CIA, the Mafia, Drug-traders, Dictators, Politicians, and the Vatican*, says it all.)

Nevertheless, there are a few moments in *God's Banker* worth contemplating. Calvi, with his unathletic 62-year-old body and his notoriously agoraphobic mind, allegedly managed to crawl twenty-five feet over the girders of Blackfriars Bridge with ten pounds of rocks in his cash-stuffed pockets and hang himself one dark night in 1982, leaving a number of mysteries behind. But if secrecy, as Cornwell repeatedly maintains, was the key to the sad little banker's success, the author has not penetrated that secrecy very well.

Indeed, Cornwell, Rome correspondent for London's *Financial Times*, is far too occupied with the machinations of ineffectual Italian bank regulators, junior officers, stockholders and politicians and too little interested in following the broad hints of Calvi's life and death.

What, for example, of the infamous P-2 Lodge, of which Calvi and 961 military, political, religious and financial figures were members? Did it indeed channel money not only to the relatively innocuous Solidarity movement but also to the genocidal Argentine death and torture squads, Somoza's murderous minions, the Nazis who dominated Bolivian and Paraguayan political life, and God (or his banker) knows who else? Calvi's association with this group seems unlikely to have been merely a function of his nostalgia for World War II, as Cornwell maintains.

God's Banker's slight contribution to the lore of banking scandals lies in its comic-opera narration of Italian of-

Larry Bensky is editor of MediaFile *in San Francisco. He followed the Banco Ambrosiano/Vatican bank story as National Public Radio's Spain correspondent in 1982 and 1983.*

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ficials' efforts to figure out what was going on and, when it was too late, to stop it. It's the kind of thing which makes one think twice about cashing a traveler's check in Italy, much less loaning money to a bank there. But with very few exceptions, American, British, Swiss and other banks wanted that bit of extra interest and did loan money to Calvi's Ambrosiano and other Vatican-endorsed cookie jars, right up to the end. And, with a "blue ribbon" commission of international bankers and a special convocation of cardinals promising it won't happen again, cookies are pouring into the jar once more, even as we read about it. Sometimes, it helps to have God on your side. □

Home Free

ANN SNITOW

NEW YORK STREET GAMES AND OTHER STORIES AND SKETCHES. *By Meyer Liben. Schocken. 275 pp. $17.95.*

Meyer Liben's only published collection of fiction, *Justice Hunger*, appeared in 1967, but the present volume still represents only a small sample of the work left unpublished at his death in 1975. The first half of the book includes sketches and an essay about New York street games from Liben's boyhood; the remainder includes stories of different weights and ambitions, often about middle-aged businessmen who experience, through books or chance encounters, moments of deep feeling buried in the fast-paced day.

Liben's passion for New York City lifts off the page like a song. It carries the conviction Joyce had about Dublin and Faulkner about the South—that this is a place sufficient for life's purposes, a place whose very boundaries create meaning, feeling, possibility. For Liben's characters, a day of hectic work and play is over when the sun sinks to "its home in the Hudson." A universe is centered on "the familiar terrain" of your own block; its outer margins are the river, the Bronx, the Lower East Side, perhaps stretching to Brooklyn or even Queens and certainly, just beyond, to the ghettos of Russia and Poland. The stories' inner geography yokes old world provincialism with new, but at the same time Liben's people are wonderful cultural polymaths, assimilating like mad. Their parents may have lived in the cluttered, ingrown *shtetl*, but for them "the air of the city makes free."

This freedom is Liben's subject, the yeast that makes his stories airy, hopeful and expansive. He describes the exuberant children of immigrants as well as those fractious wise fools, the students of C.C.N.Y.; he knows the private thoughts of cautious, educated married couples and also those of smart, maniacal businessmen who have mottoes such as "Sometimes You Make, Sometimes You Lose" or "There is a market for everything." If his characters are often desperate, moody and driven, they are also subject to bouts of spiritual ecstasy. They revel in the city's "natural indifference," which offers them a new and liberating alienation. And, of course, lost as they sometimes feel, they are not really alone but tumbled together, living out of each other's pockets, sharing the uncertainty and adventure of their new urbanity.

The nature of his generation is central to Liben's work. He made the classic journey of his time from his Jewish neighborhood in East Harlem to City College and from there to Greenwich Village in its authentically bohemian days. His stories get at the experience of this trip, the words and gestures by which people explained to each other and to themselves just what pushed them along, what gave them their particular sense of destiny, of being at home—or not at home—in history.

Only when he writes about childhood does he slip this leash of history for a moment, landing outside time like the Jewish folk writers who are among his mentors. His pictures of children are luminous, framed by memory and simplified by the monomania of preadolescent concentration. There's no sentimentality, only the timelessness of the wisdom story, the Jewish joke, the fable. But the children keep growing up. Beginning to discourse among themselves, they enter history. Or rather, they are hauled into the adult anxiety of time by their parents, who are always calling them home, explaining, cajoling. The eternal now of childhood play is constantly being interrupted by people such as Jerry, a sophomore at C.C.N.Y. who tries to persuade the 6-year-olds not to play King of the Hill on George Washington's birthday. They should understand, he tells them, that this is America, where a revolution was fought so you don't have to have kings. Jerry is a Freudian and a Marxist ("It was before the time of the Freudo-Marxists") and an "eager analyst of any situation at all." With Jerry we enter Liben's adult world, where caught between hope and doubt in a secular wonderland of ideas, the characters buckle on their philosophy and armor themselves against confusion with words and more words.

Liben's generation has a historical coherence, a vocabulary, a set of anxiously posed propositions which carry its members along, locked in an enduring conversation. Is it to be Trotsky or Stalin? How will Freud fit with Marx? Can the lingo of the folk be joined with the equally beloved voice of high culture? Is the new feeling of infinite possibility one of capitalism's promises or one of its shamming tricks? Irving Howe, a member of this generation, recalls that they shared "pride in argument, vanity of dialectic, a gleaming readiness for polemic." Reading Howe's books, or those of William Barrett, William Phillips, Irving Kristol, Lionel Abel, Paul Goodman, Harold Rosenberg (these last two close friends of Liben's), one hears the voices Liben loves and understands, with their particular mixture of anxiety and authority. Goodman, for example, was like a mill grinding out ideologies, desperately trying to homogenize his rival temperaments—hopeful American and melancholic outsider—dreaming all the while of an ease and quiet that were far from his seething, nervous prose.

Liben had both the ease and the quiet. Turning to his few limpid stories from the piles of books by his friends and contemporaries, one feels that he was their ideal listener. But his attention usually drifted to the margins of their talk, to the small verbal tic that so often complicates the assertion of opinion.

Always a miniaturist, Liben examines the tragicomic history of each of their words. He writes "homogenization" but wryly adds, "that recently popular word from the dairy world." He writes

Ann Snitow is the author of Comic Irony in the Novels of Ford Madox Ford *(Louisiana State University Press) and co-editor of* Powers of Desire: The Politics of Sexuality *(Monthly Review Press).*

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"character structure" but immediately glosses, "previously called human nature." Ideas flex and twist in the minds of his characters, initially causing them discomfort, but finally, better words in a better order occur to them—perhaps something from Poe or Tolstoy. One man, suspecting his phone is tapped, tries out all sorts of ideas, slogans, rhetorical ploys, hoping to baffle his mysterious listeners with anything from great quotations to sports scores. But after his initial orgy of opinion, he feels satisfied and relaxes his efforts. This story, "Not Quite Alone on the Telephone," ends, like so many of Liben's, with the feeling that though there is both oppression and a general dilution of culture, nonetheless "in our country, with its vast reservoir of freedom," we can still find great words to say and to hear.

One can anticipate criticism of Liben for just this confidence, these sweet-tempered resolutions. By clinging to the enclosed form of the anecdote, or by gravitating toward the self-contained comedy and melancholy of Eastern European classics like Chekhov or Babel or Sholom Aleichem, has Liben sacrificed experiment, American rawness, open-ended modernity, the nasty bite of existential confrontation? One can only answer that in so far as he cares for these things, he finds them in his own way. Some of his characters experience the extremes of inner panic—on the road far from the home base of New York, in hotel rooms, in the worry of the business day, in old age; but Liben always hopes that what feels empty can be refilled. The flashes of joy that end so many of his stories are carefully earned; they come not from any grand promise of transcendence but from the fluctuations of mood we all know, precipitated by a word in a book, a reassuring social moment, a glimpse of the absurd or a clarifying dream. He makes no promises of redemption he isn't capable of keeping.

It's possible that a new generation of readers will think that in his glistening vignettes of boys at play on safe city streets, where every roof is home free, "a place on which to lose balls and from which to drop bags full of water," Liben has become dated or has described a domesticated New York of tinted memory. But New York was different then, and Liben's work has a reliable feel to it, his love urging him toward care and accuracy. He gives street nastiness almost its fair share of

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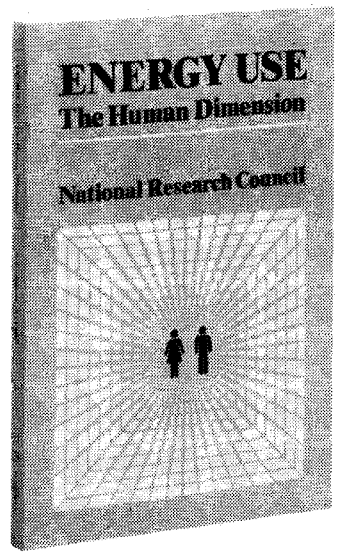

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his time. (Historians of New York, take note: Liben is a gold mine of precious, lost minutiae. The distance between sewer covers is approximately thirty-three and one-third yards, a natural setup for three-sewer races.)

Finally though, what has kept Liben fresh and suggestive is his delicate manipulation of words and mood. The play of a sympathetic and generous intelligence over the casual talk of daily life and the glee he feels at small but telling incidents are always satisfying, and, at moments, deeply moving.

Perhaps he is not a great writer if by that one means one who reinvents the language so it is in some sense indelibly his. But he is such a very good writer, so patient, such a lover of what is, that he re-creates for us his particular moments. Something has been preserved, the words as they were thought, felt, spoken, their vitality mysteriously intact. Because Liben lived fully inside the scale of his talent, his stories reach their proper dimensions. They get things right and never pretend to know more than they can.

In one small sketch, Liben dreams of Breughel, who painted a picture in 1560 called "Children's Games" which includes many of the activities Liben knows so well. Breughel and Liben walk down Liben's childhood block together, competing observers. Liben recognizes that familiar as he is with 111th Street between Lenox and Fifth, Breughel will probably see more. He wonders how a quiet, modern impressionist, an essentially lighthearted comedian can compete with the "iron scrupulosity," the "prescientific obsession" of the great man. Still, for all his anxiety, the dream ends well. Breughel proposes a collaboration: he will paint; Liben will write. Liben is overjoyed though he remains, in his dreams as everywhere, utterly without grandiosity. □

STRAND

Whether we quicken our steps
pretending a destination,
or drag our feet, pretending none,
the shorebirds pace with us
an unnegotiable distance ahead.
At least, their shadows do,
and their zigzagging trails.

As one wave rolls to shore,
unrolls over the sand, then retreats,
the stranded water suggests
a continent, a western coast,
peninsulas and bays—
uncharted as something remembered.
It spreads open across the beach's

lap, the flock of shadows dash
to settle it and set up shop,
and except for the cross-stitched tracks,
overlapping and then intersecting
our own more weighty version,
the place is all but
forgotten among the sands.

Another wave revises
its dark ink in a deckled seaboard:
it's our turn to orient ourselves
in the oceans of sand—or so they seem.
That star's reflection . . .
is the capital of what? What island
is this sinking tidal pool?

Such dim unwieldy geography!
Was it here? Could it have been here?
asks each arriving map.
What's certain is we won't catch
up with the birds (who've had
no easier time trying to pin down
that hem of surf: as fast as one seam

is fixed in place, the incoming tide
unfastens it). *We're* through pretending.
We leave the birds their drastic—
more likely, temporary—measures
and turn back toward the strand
of new hotels. But now the eastern

coasts unroll and roll, or ravel,
unravel: *Here? No? Well, where then?*

Michael J. Rosen

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

The Natural

Beisbol bin bery, bery bad to Roy Hobbs. A natural star out of high school at 18, he fell in with a fast and fatal crowd on his way to the majors, sustained a serious gunshot wound in the stomach and a lasting psychic cicatrix and sat out sixteen summers before coming to bat in a big-league park. In that first, and last, championship season, Hobbs slumped as often as he slammed. Now it is the final game. Torn between true love and steamy sex (never mind the hard cash) Hobbs oscillates from hero to goat for what seems an eternity of innings. In the bottom of the ninth, the home team is trailing by just one run more than there are men on base. Hobbs ekes out his portion of balls, commits his quotient of strikes. Here comes the agonizing three-two pitch! Hobbs swings; it's a long, high, arcing fly . . . But you've already guessed the score. Hollywood is not Mudville; no one strikes out.

Between Roy Hobbs and Chico Escuela lies a big tongue in the cheek, but that historical development in baseball iconography entirely escapes the notice of director Barry Levinson, writers Roger Towne and Phil Dusenberry, and star Robert Redford. They all play *The Natural* without a trace of humor or a glimmer of camp. The ironies and dark

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absurdities of Bernard Malamud's 1952 novel are washed in the clear light of cliché. Malamud meant to demythologize American dreams by celebrating the bleak legends of its most sentimental national pastime: Shoeless Joe Jackson, Eddie Waitkus, Pete Reiser. The filmmakers simply bought the myths and sold the sentiment, and threw the flag, mother and the old farm, literally, into the deal.

In general, there's not much to gain from the comparison of a film with its literary source. But in this case, the historical periods of the two works are so strikingly different that they may account for the success of one and the failure of the other. *The Natural*, the book, ushered in the Eisenhower fifties, an era dominated by the heroic symbol of a noble, proud and commanding country. The naïve hopes and innocent promises of prewar America had been abruptly curtailed by a wounding and scarring conflict. After a long hiatus, the game was about to resume. An older, wiser, natural hero seemed destined to find the way back to dreams long deferred.

Of course it would never happen. With chilling prescience (in retrospect), Malamud sent the ironies to overtake the heroics, and let the sordid underside bleed into the shiny surface. *The Natural* was followed by a shelfful of despairing descriptions of a bleak suburban landscape that would never pass for the New Jerusalem. There were cracks in the picture windows, moths in the gray flannel suiting and weeds choking the splendor of the grass in treelined lawns. Neither Norman Rockwell nor Norman Vincent Peale could make nostalgia live again as flesh and spirit. Roy was the Hobbesian metaphor for that new America, where decent men became wolves, team players turned into competitive loners and winning (to mix sports epigrams) was the only thing.

The Natural, the movie, consummates an entirely different cultural history. This time, Roy Hobbs's wounds (despite the décor of an earlier period) are the kind inflicted by the convulsive events of the postsuburban years, with their sexual chaos, social deracination and existential malaise. Hobbs seems to have come down from Camp David with Jimmy Carter and found an apotheosis in the dreamy politics of selfish survival. At the end he is back where he started, chucking the old horsehide in a waving wheatfield, full of family values and spiritual peace, posing for a poster sponsored by the Committee to Re-elect the President.

There is epic length and graphic sweep to this pilgrim's progress, but not much of interest happens in the world beyond right field. The mythic sense is achieved by a numbing array of gimmicks and gadgets: bolts from the blue, drag-motion scenes, an Excalibur bat ("Wonderboy") carved from a burning tree, impossibly dark shadows and memory-clouding focus. The early shots of Hobbs as an adolescent are so dismal it's difficult to tell whether that's Robert Redford there or some second baseman out of Ridgemont High.

The big problem is women, with whom Hobbs has a peculiarly unnatural relationship. One of them, Harriet Bird (Barbara Hershey), all but blows him away—with a silver bullet (is that a subliminal message about venereal disease?). Next up is Memo Paris (Kim Basinger), a singularly unsavory bimbo that only a dodo could admire. Hobbs falls for her with such innocent abandon one wonders what monastery he has inhabited during his sixteen-year absence from plot and action. She's a natural, too: at seduction, betrayal and misfortune. Memo is Lola (of *Damn Yankees*) stood on her head; whenever she draws near, Hobbs goes to pieces at the plate. Much more fortuitous is the presence of the sainted Iris (Glenn Close), Hobbs's high-school sweetheart and future monogamous mate, not to mention the mother of his son. She is seldom seen without a halo around her perky bonnet. As for women, as Charlie Brown might say, one day you're a mother, the next day you're a whore.

Along the trip to the wheatfield, some corrupt characters try to bribe the team to throw the big game, and an utterly wasted Robert Duvall is allowed a few scenes to portray a cynical and conniving sports columnist. Doubtless their unvirtue is supposed to stand in stark relief to the probity of Mr. Natural; he keeps on truckin' back to Kansas, or wherever, and his just deserts. No cracks or crabgrass visible there.

Redford is the perfect Roy Hobbs for this fantasy, craggy and beautiful and blank, with an affect as flat as the Midwestern land and a look as solid as the farm vote. But is he natural or only advertised as such, like natural yogurt and natural shoulders? Redford delivers less in 130 minutes than most actors can produce in ten seconds. There is no mystery to his missing years, only emptiness; no pain about his traumatic experience, only discomfort; no passion in his progress, only speed. Finally, there's no acting there. Only being there. □

JOSE YGLESIAS

Gabriela

When Jorge Amado's *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon* was published here more than twenty years ago, it was the first novel from Latin America to become a North American best seller. Already a classic in Brazil, *Gabriela* was not rivaled in popularity there until the publication of Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Although Amado had long been known in Brazil as a serious novelist, a chronicler of violent, suspenseful, socially conscious stories, and although his earlier work still merits our attention, as does much of his subsequent work, it is *Gabriela* that remains his most appealing book. Amado found in this destitute backwoods heroine a symbol of the goodness that manages to survive social and economic upheavals—an emblem of our own best nature that civilization customarily destroys.

Gabriela walks onto the scene of the novel in the southern seacoast town of Ilhéus along with a group of migrants from the drought-stricken inland who resemble Okies bound for California in the 1930s. Her story takes place in the 1920s when Ilhéus was just emerging from its frontier experience and the cacao country's plantation owners had barely ceased their land-grabbing wars. The town's new generation now hungers for respectability, but the poor, Gabriela among them, live much as they always have, catch as catch can. Gabriela is beautiful, unembittered and capable; the café owner of Syrian extraction who picks her up at the "slave market" to cook and keep house for him discovers, after she has washed off the grime of the journey and cooked his first meal, that she is also a treasure.

Gabriela indulges her lusts like a man—no strings attached, and with any partner who attracts her. Luckily for Nacib, her employer, he is among those she favors. What follows is a rather original love story in which we see Gabriela puzzled at every turn by the social

Jose Yglesias is a novelist who also writes on Latin America.

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prejudices of the town as they are reflected in Nacib's behavior. She cannot get her dos and don'ts straight, but she is always good-natured and compliant. Nacib's lust turns to love, and when Gabriela and her hors d'oeuvres make his café prosper, he becomes possessive and decides to marry her and keep her to himself. To Gabriela marriage seems beside the point, but she's a good girl and does what Nacib wants.

The chronicle of the town's progress is every bit as important in *Gabriela* as the charming love story. Indeed Gabriela doesn't appear until almost a quarter of the way through the book. Much of Amado's wit and delicious historical irony lies in his depiction of the provincial bourgeoisie's attempts to ape the showy homes, clothes and cultural activities of Rio. The novel's pleasures here are delightfully Dickensian.

Bruno Barreto's movie and Leopoldo Serran's screenplay of *Gabriela* do their best to be faithful to the novel. Of course, Barreto had the right, even the obligation, to depart from the book and create his own *Gabriela*, but he has instead been dutifully attentive to the book's status as a classic. Almost nothing has been omitted—no character or subplot remains unused. Even the historically preserved town of Parati on the same seacoast as Ilhéus has been chosen to give us a visual Ilhéus unspoiled by the progress that the bourgeoisie of the novel talk about so much.

Yet for all its faithful rendering, the movie is often curiously out of synch with the book, and to those new to *Gabriela* it may also be puzzling at times. What has gone wrong? Matters of emphasis, it seems. The love story crowds the "progress" of the town to the periphery, and consequently one has time to notice that the beautiful Sonia Braga is a bit too ripe for a Gabriela supposedly barely past her teens and that Marcello Mastroianni looks at least twice the age of the 30-year-old Nacib. (He's been given a Neapolitan mother to account for his Italian accent.) The difference in ages matters as it introduces a pathetic note to their love-making and turns the sex scenes, explicit almost to the point of soft porn, into a peculiar sort of comedy. Amado kept his sense of humor while portraying the lust and cupidity that motivate his characters, but the movie is a mite condescending when it wants to make us laugh.

The worst offense, however, is that Barreto and Serran have forgotten the book's feminist point. At first glance Gabriela seems to embody the macho ideal of the woman one doesn't marry; but in fact Gabriela is very much what she wants to be, very much her own person. Nacib loves her, but like a good bourgeois he wants to possess her too, and just when he realizes that Ilhéus society has begun to accept her, he discovers her in bed with one of his friends.

Gabriela's story is complemented by that of three other women. One, a respectable matron, is killed by her husband when he finds her with her lover. What else is a man to do? It's tradition of course, and his trial will be a ritual, an excuse for oratory on the sanctity of marriage. The other two women are the mistress and the daughter of plantation colonels. The first is crudely chucked out by her lover; the second, who has allowed an unworthy man to court her indiscreetly, is beaten by her father when she is unrepentant.

Nacib cannot kill Gabriela: he cannot live by those rules, and his friends find a way for him to avoid the status of cuckold by annulling the marriage. The colonel's mistress suffers no worse fate than rejection; the young bourgeois girl continues unrepentant and runs away to the big city. And, miracle of miracles, the murdering husband is tried and jailed! Nacib and Gabriela, unencumbered by marriage, can live together joyously again. But in the movie—unlike the book—Gabriela never expresses her philosophy of life and we see her sneaking back at night to Nacib's bed with uncharacteristic docility. A pity that Amado's feminism is not quite realized in this film: when you skimp on social details your characters lose their sharp edges, even their idealism.

Nevertheless, Barreto does many things well, and I can put up with a lot of imperfections in a movie that allows me to look at so beautiful a Brazilian town. I loved its final comment on progress in Ilhéus. As the new political leaders are being sworn into office at a public ceremony, one of the onlookers exclaims to another, "But it's the same thing!" The other replies, nodding vigorously, "The same but different!" □

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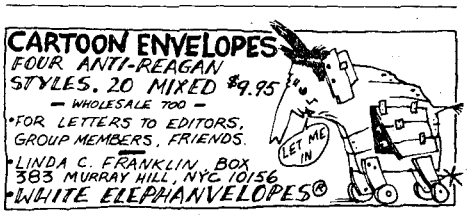
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T	O	B	A	C	C	O		C	R	U	M	P	E	T
H		S		A		N		H		A		I		A
E	R	I	T	R	I	A		E	N	D	M	O	S	T
R		D		T				S		O		C		U
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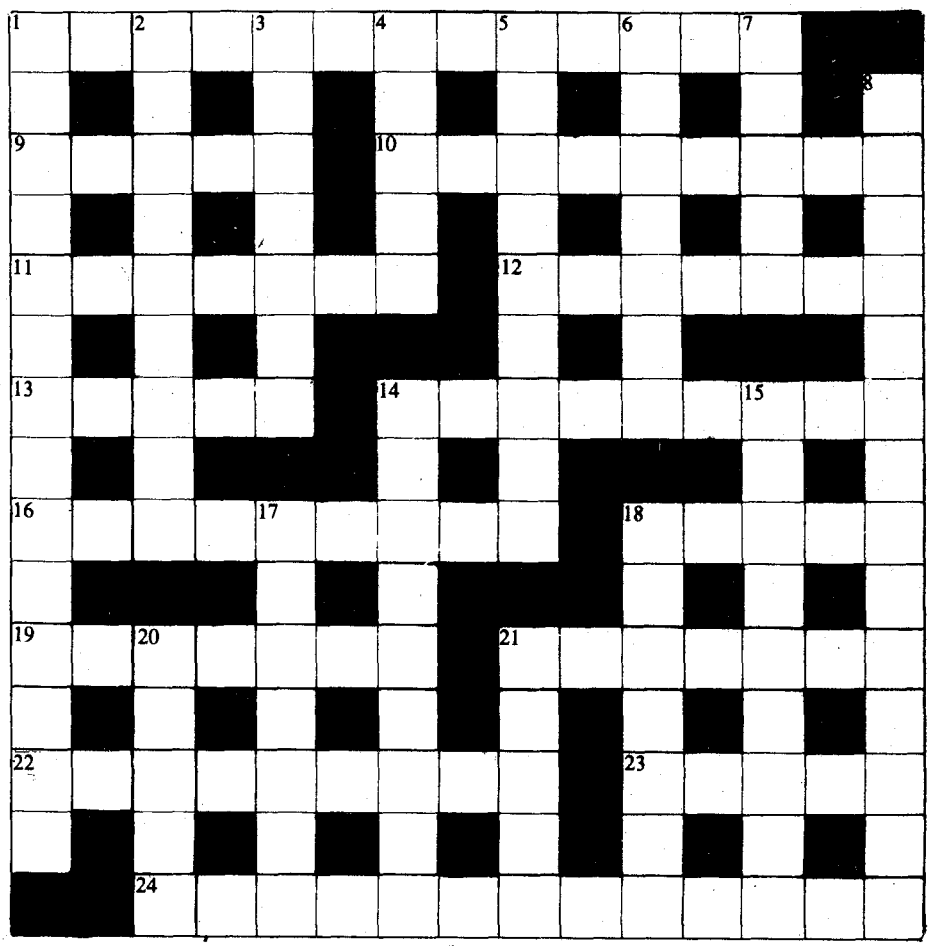
Crossword Puzzle No. 2011

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Where is the power of vision? Sounds like the answer is affirmative! (3,4,4,2)
9 X-rated—not D, but really special in a way! (5)
10 Certainly no amateur—in shape always, as they used to say. (What one does is exact.) (9)
11 Showing a little weight loss? A good painter might handle it well. (7)
12 Possibly up late, a learner is said to reach one frequently. (7)
13 Electrical equipment is often united into a whole. (5)
14 Commonly more disagreeable than alarming. (9)
16 The study of astrology, for instance, such as you could make in 1250 is out! (9)
18 You might get a rise out of it offering hospitality overseas. (5)
19 A region between the Oder and the Elbe. (In with this might be Lusitania.) (7)
21 Most men sort of make time this way. (7)
22 By implication, stonework doesn't cost anything, even if a lodge is built from such. (9)
23 The city has nothing on such a lover. (5)
24 One might, if insistent, but it seems that anything but peace is the problem at hand! (5,3,5)

DOWN

1 Magazine people obviously make plenty of "bread" as they say! (3,5,2,4)
2 It's not essential, but almost all of 9 gets "not out" thus. (9)
3 Wanted badly to make time; study up on it. (7)
4 Equivalent to 9, the kids might think it very good! (5)
5 There's no form to such. (9)
6 One wouldn't be expected to see one's own! (7)
7 The ego, in a sense, is a proper subject for one. (5)
8 A disturbance at Macy's? (It bodes no good!) (7,2,5)
14 In case fires break out, you could serve this. (9)
15 Frank? Typical of such, possibly 22. (9)
17 You'll find me in a tortuous trial, being a martyr. (7)
18 Uplifted spirit in new Asia—like the warrior of old. (7)
20 Torn flesh marks the place of the forgotten. (5)
21 1/12 of 4/7 of 3. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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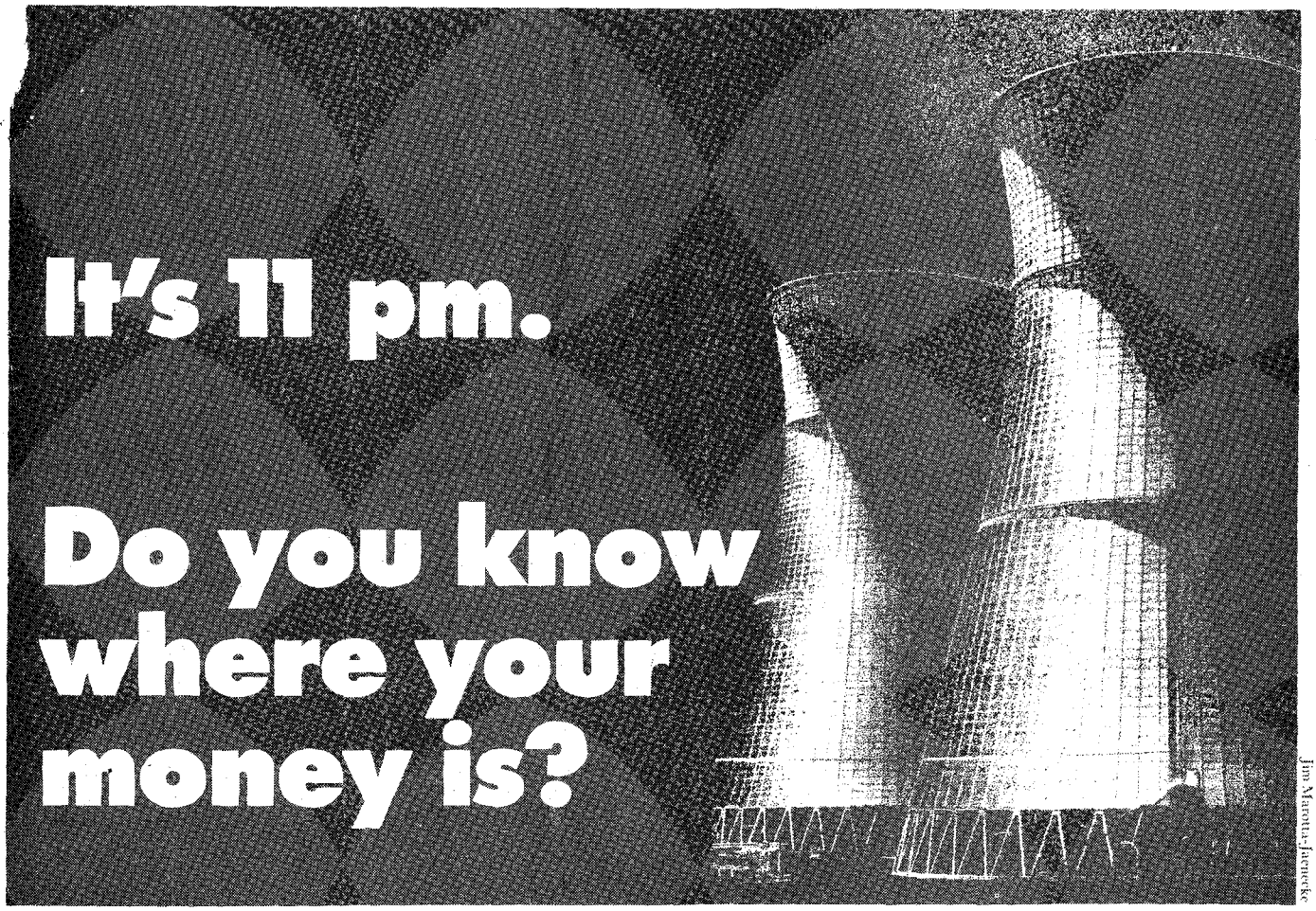

Jim Marotta-Jaenecke

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